A Little Book of Tribune Verse

A LITTLE BOOK OF TRIBUNE VERSE

A NUMBER OF HITHERTO UNCOLLECTED POEMS, GRAVE AND GAY

BY

EUGENE FIELD

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

JOSEPH G. BROWN

DENVER, COLO.
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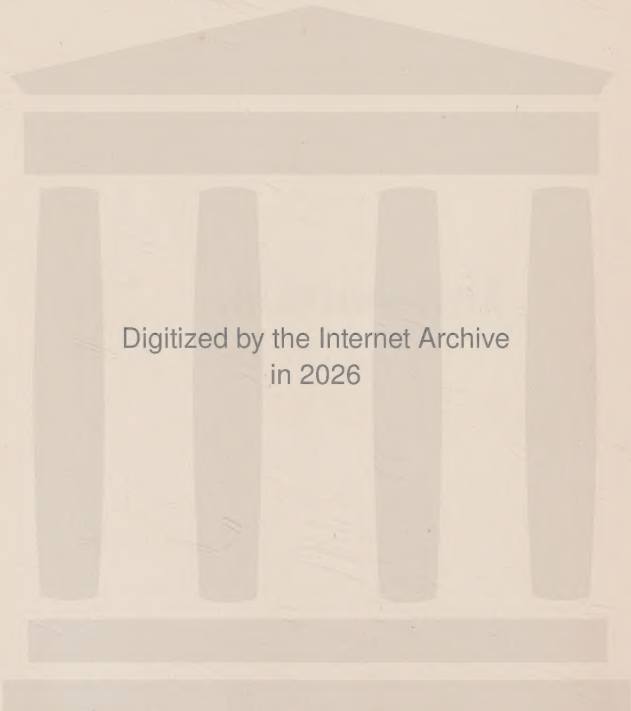
Introduction.



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Introduction.

It is the purpose of this volume to present to the admirers of Eugene Field a collection of poems from a store wherein many of his richest gems of wit, humor and pathos have been buried for twenty years and forgotten, save by a few of those who were his intimate associates during his career in Denver.

These poems appeared at intervals from August, 1881, to August, 1883, in the columns of The Denver Tribune, of which paper Field was then associate editor. Their circulation in that journal was restricted and provincial and, being published anonymously, the knowledge of their authorship was confined to the few readers who were familiar with the quaint style and inimitable humor of the author. A number of these verses were copied into other journals, and so attained a wider circulation. But, whether honored by his contemporaries

or not, their creation was but ephemeral, for they have never before been collected and printed in accessible and enduring form.

Considering the anonymity of these poems it is interesting to read in "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac": "When a song is printed it is printed in small type, and the name of him who wrote it is appended thereunto in big type. If the song be meritorious it goes to the corners of the earth through the medium of the art preservative of arts, but the longer and the farther it travels the bigger does the type of the song become and the smaller becomes the type wherein the author's name is set.

"Then, finally, some inconsiderate hand, weilding the pen or shears, blots out or snips off the poet's name, and henceforth the song is anonymous. A great iconoclast—a royal old iconoclast—is Time: but he hath no terrors for those precious things which are embalmed in words, and the only fellow that shall surely escape him till the crack of doom is he whom men know by the name of Anonymous!"

Surely Field was an exception to his own statements, for while his poems are being printed in ever increasing sizes of type, his name grows in proportion, a fact that proves that his admirers love the poet as much as the poetry.

These poems cover the same wide range as his after life's work and embrace a number of subjects which subsequently became the sources of his greater fame. Four of them—"Christmas Treasurers," "Jim's Kids," "Pike's Peak Philosophic Burro" and "The Jaffa and Jerusalem R. R."—were revised by Field himself and, having been

published in his previous books, have helped to make him famous. But they have never before been republished in the form in which they first came from their author's brain. It is believed that students and lovers of Field will find sufficient interest in comparing the different versions to need no excuse for the slight repetition.

The poems are here arranged more or less according to their subject matter and the dates given are the dates of The Denver Tribune, in which they appeared. Field conducted a department on the editorial page of the paper, which was known among his associates as "The Nonpariel Column" from the fact that it was printed from nonpariel type. At first this column bore no heading, but later it was headed "Odd Gossip." Most of his poems appeared in this column, though some of them were found in other departments of the paper. It is believed that this collection contains all the verses contributed by him to the Tribune with the possible exception of a few from the authenticity of which it was found impossible to remove all doubt, a few of purely personal interest and one or two which have appeared in other books. In publishing these verses in book form it has been thought best to correct in the text a few errors and transpositions which were evidently due to the printer.

A number of the poems appeared in the paper over the signatures of well known Denver men, a form of humor of which Field was very fond and which he afterwards practiced in Chicago. To one who was familiar with the personality of these men the poems have a peculiar zest, but even deprived

of this they can still well afford to stand upon their own merits. Only one of them—"Christmas Treasures"—appeared over his own name.

During the time Field was in Denver he was associated with O. H. Rothacker and F. J. V. Skiff, forming a trio which was well known for its journalistic ability and love of healthy fun. These men attracted within their circle the people of culture and those who controlled the commercial and political destinies of Colorado. In a more restricted sense they found their local associates among the common masses of the city people. Among the lowly, as well as those of proud estate, Field numbered his hosts of friends. The latter had his sympathies and his charities. From the children and from the poor and distressed he drew the lessons and the scenes that gave pathos to his verse. Against the men of wealth and station he directed the keen edged shafts of his humor and sarcastic wit. A large part of his literary work in Denver was inspired by his association with these classes and the peculiar social conditions then existing. It is equally true that under influences differing from those which inspired his earlier efforts, his work in Denver, his writings in prose, no less than those in verse, laid the solid foundation and formed the most essential part in building the great reputation which followed him through the remainder of his life.

One of the best known features of his early work was the "Tribune Primer," which, in its serial publication, drew more than casual attention. This was his first publication in book or pamphlet form. The small edition, being quickly exhausted, is now

the rarest American first edition. The poems, which are here presented, are related to the Primer articles, for their appearance in the columns of the Tribune from October, 1881, to the Spring of 1882, was coincident, and much that is of a personal nature or having reference to occurrences or affairs had the same source of inspiration.

The personal career and work of Eugene Field, the journalist, add many unknown qualities to the character of the man. He was a man of hard work and close application, capable of stupendous labor and equal to the complicated details of all departments of a daily newspaper. In the midst of such serious practical duties, so vexatious and irksome to the average newspaper man, he was at all times evenly balanced, good-natured, patient, kind, yet always alert for occasion with sharpened wit and brimming with humor. His special column in the paper was almost always in prose. His poems were occasional. He was not a poetic machine, nor did he think at all times in verse or rhyme, though he did not always wait for moods or invoke the muses to inspire his lyric themes. Whether at his desk, in contact with the crowd upon the street or in convivial intercourse with his intimate friends, there was little in his manner or speech to denote either the man of levity or one absorbed in serious thought. The sparkling wit which illumined his work was the spontaneous overflowing of a vigorous mind and a merry heart. A lover of fun, it was his greatest delight to make fun for others, though often at their own expense. If he amused the people of his community he was content. To please the children was his greatest delight. He knew the value of money

only in its immediate uses and he was equally gratified if his last dollar ministered to his own desires or the needs of others.

His talent was the curious blending of the literary and journalistic instinct, but the former was manifestly in the ascendant. Many of his poems, especially those written under the influence of his newspaper environments in Denver, reflect the genuine nature of the man as he appeared in his everyday communion with the people. Professionally, his peculiar characteristic was his extraordinary versatility. Familiar with every phase of newspaper work in his time, the enormous quantity of copy that he would upon occasion furnish the printer, did not affect its quality to disadvantage.

JOSEPH G. BROWN.

Denver, March 28th, 1901.

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Poems of Childhood.

Poems of Childhood.

JOHNNY'S TEAM.

I think of all the galloping,
  The trotting, fast and hard,
That I have seen in town or park,
  On track or boulevard,

No horses ever pawed the air,
  Or plunged about and ran,
Taking the bit between their teeth,
  As those of Johnny's can.

What color are they? sorrel? roan?
  Chestnut, or dapple grey?
Excuse me, but 'tis difficult
  To know just what to say.

I'm not enough a horseman to
  Have learned their phrases yet;
But one, I think, is yellow blonde,
  The other a brunette.

Where is their stable? do they have
A manger and a stall?
One has his room with Johnny, one
Rooms just across the hall.

They're not such very patient steeds,
For both are apt to cry;
I heard them, too, today at lunch,
Quarrel about their pie.

But still, they're very spirited,
To neigh and prance and run,
And make for Johnny, when he drives,
Plenty of work and fun.

October 16th, 1881.

THE TRUANT.

It was a bright and genial day,
When, tempted by the open gate
And by a little truant mate,
Our Baby Willie ran away;
And prompted by each varying fear,
Impelled by agonized alarm
That he, perchance, might come to harm,
We hunted for him far and near.

Yet all in vain his baby name
We called and called with no reply,
Till with the sunset in the sky,
Back to his home the baby came.
Poor, tired child, how glad he crept
Into his mother's arms and said,
"I'm glad I'm home, le's do to bed!"
And oh, how peacefully he slept.

"Glad I am home!" It is the cry
That many a weary wanderer gives,
When tired of the life he lives
He turns him to the wall to die.
And as I to my joyous breast
Took back my truant child that day,
So will the arms that live for aye
Receive each truant soul to rest.

(Attributed to) MAJOR BOWELS.

December 8th, 1881.

WE RUNNED AWAY.

Two little rascally darlings they stood,
Hand clasped in hand and eyes full of glee,
Stock still in the midst of the crowded street,
Naughty as ever children could be.

Horses to right of them, horses to left,
Men hurrying breathless to and fro,
Nobody stopping to wonder at them,
Nobody there with a right to know.

Oh, what a chance for a full truant joy!
Earth holds no other equal delight,
Hark! it is over, a shriek fills the air,
A woman's face flashes, pallid white.

"O Babies! whose are you? How came you here?"
The busy street halts aghast at bay;
Serene smile the infants, as heavenly clear
They both speak together: "We runned away!"

The crowd and the bustle swayed on again,
The babies are safe and had lost their fun;
And we, who saw, felt a secret pain,
Half envy, of what the babies had done.

And said in our hearts, alack! if we tell
The truth, and the whole truth, we must say,
We never get now so good a time
As we used to have when "we runned away."

December 27th, 1882.

THE FOUNDLING.

A little child upon the ground,
Chilled by the storm and crying sore,
With humble raiment covered o'er,
One blustering winter's morn was found.
None knew from whence or how he came,
That little stranger all forlorn,
Deserted on that cruel morn,
None knew the little foundling's name.

Kind people heard the piteous cry,
Perhaps 'twas God that ope'd their ears,
They dried the little suff'rers tears,
And wrapped his limbs in garments dry.
Withal he dies, and now forgot,
He sleeps within the churchyard green,
No name, no sign has e'er been seen
Upon the stone that marks the spot.

But wild flowers nestled all around,
The birds sing sweetly overhead,
The little children love to spread
Their tributes o'er the tiny mound.
If there be aught of heavenly love,
O what a mockery is fame,
A little soul without a name
May find a biding place above.

February 20th, 1882.

BA-BY FAY FER-NY.

What is this with blue
Lit-tle shoes, so new,
Cun-ning lit-tle feet,
Trot-ting down the street,
What will Ma-ma say?
Baby 's run a-way,
Ba-by Fay Fer-ny.

Calls a boy, "Hal-lo!
See here, lit-tle pop-pet show,
Come with me!" "No, no,
Ba-by's do-in' do
Ba-by's own self!" Fast
Round the corner passed
Ba-by Fay Fer-ny.

Stops a great big man,
Hur-ry-ing all he can,
"Here! what's this! my!
Drop-ped down from the sky?
Some-bod-ys to blame.
Baby, what 's your name?"
"Ba-by Fay Fer-ny."

"Where you go-ing? say!"
"Day-day." "What's that, hey?
See the Ba-by fidg-et!
What d'you want, you midg-et?"
"Piece of butter-bed,
Sugy on it, 'lasses on it,
Jam on it," said
Ba-by Fay Fer-ny.

People pause to see,
Ladies, one, two, three,
A po-lice-man, too;
But no one that knew
Whence the ba-by came;
"What's your pa-pa's name?"
"Pa-pa Fay Fer-ny."

Comes a breath-less maid,
"Oh, dear! I'm afraid
Ba-by's lost and gone,
Ba-by Fer-gu-son!
No, there, down the street!
O, you naughty, sweet
Ba-by Fay Fer-ny!"

September 18th, 1881.

BABY-LAND.

How many miles to Baby-land?
Any one can tell,
Up one flight,
To your right,
Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Baby-land?
Little folks in white;
Downy heads,
Cradle beds,
Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Baby-land?
Dream and wake and play;
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow,
Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Baby-land?
Why, the oddest things;
Might as well
Try to tell
What the birdie sings.

Who is Queen of Baby-land?
Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love
Born above,
Guides the little feet.

March 19th, 1882.

A TRIP TO TOY-LAND.

And how do you get to Toy-land?
To all little people the joy-land?
Just follow your nose
And go on tip-toes,
It's only a minute to Toy-land.

And oh! but it's gay in Toy-land,
This bright, merry, girl-and-boy-land,
And woolly dogs white
That never will bite
You'll meet on the highways in Toy-land.

Society's fine, in Toy-land,
The dollies all think it a joy-land,
And folks in the ark
Stay out after dark
And tin soldiers regulate Toy-land.

There's fun all the year, in Toy-land,
To sorrow 'twas ever a coy-land;
And steamers are run,
And steam cars, for fun,
They're wound up with keys down in Toy-land.

Bold jumping-jacks thrive in Toy-land;
Fine castles adorn this joy-land;
And bright are the dreams
And sunny the beams
That gladden the faces in Toy-land.

How long do you live in Toy-land?
This bright, merry, girl-and-boy-land?
A few days, at best,
We stay as a guest,
Then good-bye, forever, to Toy-land!

WEE BABIES.

Babies short and babies tall,
Babies big and babies small,
Blue-eyed babies, babies fair,
Brown-eyed babies with lots of hair,
Babies so tiny they can't sit up,
Babies that drink from a silver cup,
Babies that coo and babies that creep,
Babies that only can eat and sleep,
Babies that laugh and babies that talk,
Babies quite big enough to walk,
Dimpled fingers and dimpled feet,
What in the world is half so sweet
As babies that jump, laugh, cry and crawl,
Eat, sleep, talk, walk, creep, coo and all
Wee Babies?

(Attributed to) Gov. F. W. Pitkin.

November 28th, 1882.

BABY BOBBY.

I know a house so full of noise,
You'd think a regiment of boys,
From early morn till close of day,
Were busy with their romping play,
And yet, I'm ready to declare,
There is but one small youngster there.
A little, golden headed chap,
Who used to think his mother's lap
The nicest place that e'er could be
Until he grew so big that he
Was 'most a man, and learned what fun
It is to shout, and jump and run.
This restless, noisy little elf
Has learned, alas! to think himself
Too old in mother's arms to sleep;
Yet his blue eyes he cannot keep
From hiding 'neath their lids so white
And, climbing on the sofa's height,
He snuggles down, forgets his play
And into dreamland sails away;
And then it is that mamma knows
Why the whole house so silent grows.

October 13th, 1881.

PEEK-A-BOO.

Now, where's the baby gone?
All gone away,
Underneath the handkerchief,
Sweet little May.
Baby's eyes are big and blue,
Almost I see them through,
While we're playing peek-a-boo,
May and I.

Something stirs the corner white!
Out creep the ringlets bright!
Baby's lips of rosebud hue
Bubble o'er with laughter, too,
While we're playing peek-a-boo,
May and I.

October 16th, 1881.

BABY BROTHER.

See my baby brother,
Sitting in mamma's lap;
He's just getting ready
To take a little nap.

But before in dreamland
My baby brother goes,
I want to count his fingers
And see his chubby toes.

Mamma, can't you make him
Just talk and laugh again,
So we can find the dimple
In his sweet cheeks and chin?

Now he talks a little,
And laughs—come quick and see
My baby brother's dimples,
As cunning as can be!

His eyes shine like diamonds
When he looks up so glad,
O, he's the dearest brother
A sister ever had.

The angels love our baby,
He is so very fair;
And so they came and kissed him
And left the dimples there.

January 25th, 1882.

A FUNNY LITTLE BOY.

A funny little chin,
  A funny little nose,
A funny little grin,
  Ten funny little toes.
Two funny little eyes,
  And funny little hands,
How funnily he tries
  To give his wee commands.

A funny little chat
  With funny little bees,
A funny little cat
  And funny toads and trees,
A funny little dress,
  A funny laugh of joy,
May heaven ever bless
  My funny little boy.

A funny little sigh,
  A funny little head,
That funnily will try
  To miss the time for bed.
A funny little peep
  From funny eyes that gleam,
A funny little sleep,
  A funny little dream.

December 4th, 1881.

LAST YEAR'S DOLL.

I'm only a last year's doll!
  I thought I was lovely and fair—
But alas for the cheeks that were rosy,
  Alas, for the once-flowing hair!
I'm sure that my back is broken,
  For it hurts me when I rise!
Oh, I'd cry for every sorrow,
  But I've lost out both my eyes.

In comes my pretty mistress,
  With my rival in her arms,
A fine young miss, most surely,
  Arrayed in her borrowed charms!
My dress and my slippers, too,
  But sadder, oh, sadder than all,
She's won the dear love I have lost,
  For I'm only a last year's doll.

Oh, pity me, hearts that are tender,
  I'm lonely and battered and bruised,
I'm tucked out of sight in the closet,
  Forgotten, despised and abused!
I'm only a last year's doll,
  Alone with my troubled heart,
Sweet mistress, still I love thee,
  Inconstant though thou art.

February 12th, 1882.

DOLLS AT SCHOOL.

Ding, dong, Dolly! School is in,
Hark! the lessons now begin;
Keep all the pupils there,
Dollies nice and neat and fair,
Fat and lean, short and tall,
In a row against the wall,
Lots of little teachers, too,
Come to show them what to do.

"Now, Miss Wax, turn out your toes,
Tell us how you spoiled your nose;
Miss Rag, pray, for once, sit straight,
How came you to be so late?
Do, Miss China, sit down, dear;
Papa dolls, don't act so queer."
One, when squeezed, could say, "Mam-ma!"
Smartest in the class by far.

Some will graduate next fall,
Others are almost too small,
Does your dolly ever go?
Terms are very cheap, you know,
Better take her there at once,
Who would want a doll a dunce?
"Time is up"! the teachers shout,
Ding, dong, dolly! school is out.

September 25th, 1881.

A WORD TO ROVER.

"Now Rover, do you hear me, sir?
I am ashamed of you;
I want you just to understand
Such conduct will not do.

"I saw you bark and prance about
At that poor little kit
When Nannie brought a little milk,
And she was drinking it.

"You drove the cunning little thing,
So white and soft as silk,
Way up into the apple tree,
Then *you* drank up the milk.

"You acted like a coward, sir!
What would you think if I,
A great big boy, should tease and make
My little sister cry?

"Now I shall give to pussy cat
Your supper, by and by,
And if you do the like again
I'll know the reason why."

February 19th, 1882.

THE OLD COW.

Tinkle, tinkle, a bell I hear,
Ringing softly and drawing near,
'Tis the gentle cow returning home
From the pasture lands where she likes to roam,

Where she feeds on the grasses, fresh and sweet,
And drinks from the pond where the streamlets meet
And strolls at noon under shady trees,
Catching a cooler breath in the breeze.

Tinkle, tinkle! her bell rings out,
While all day long she wanders about;
But when the sun is low in the west,
She is glad to come back to the barn and rest

September 17th, 1882.

HOW THE SHEEP FOUND BO-PEEP.

Little Bo-peep awoke from her sleep,
  Her eyes opened wide and wider,
For she found herself seated on the grass
  With an old sheep standing beside her.

"Little Bo-peep," said the good, old sheep,
  "How glad I am we've found you!
"Here we are—rams and sheep and lambs—
  "All flocking up around you."

"You blessed sheep," said little Bo-peep,
  "I've been worried to death about you."
"We've been searching for you," said the good old
    sheep,
  "We wouldn't go home without you."

October 30th, 1881.

CLOVER-TOP AND THISTLE-DOWN.

Clover-top sighed when the wind sang sweet,
Dropping the thistle-down at her feet;
"Oh, dear me, never a day
Can I roam at my will, but ever, alway,
In this tiresome meadow must ever stay!"

Thistle-down floated, then sunk into rest,
Only to rise at the breezes' behest,
Hither and yon, on the wings of the air,
Tired little sprite, so dainty and fair,
"Oh, to just stop," she sighed, "anywhere."

Honey-bees swarmed to thistle and clover,
Sweet little toiling ones, over and over
A work-a-day song they cheerily sing:
"Look up, dear hearts, and what the days bring,
Bless God for it all—yes—everything!"

October 16th, 1881.

OUTSIDE MY WINDOW.

Five little pigeons perched on the barn roof,
  Watching the corn in the hen yard below;
Close around the white cat is hiding,
  Hoping to catch them if down they should go.

All of a sudden I open my window,
  With a whiz and a burr the pigeons are gone,
Pussy darts off round the house in a twinkling,
  And the little white chickens eat up all the corn!

November 27th, 1881.

THE WREN'S NEST.

"Come, come, Mrs. Brownie," says young Mr. Wren,
"'Tis time to be building our nest;
For the winter has gone, the spring blossoms have come,
And the trees in green beauty are dressed,
Dressed, dressed,
And the trees in green beauty are dressed."

"O, where shall we build it, my dear little wife,
O where shall we build it?" says he—
"In the sweet woodbine bower, in the rose by the door,
Or way up in the old apple tree,
Tree, tree—
Or way up in the old apple tree?"

"From woodbine," says Brownie, "My dear Mr. Wren,
The Sparrows would drive us away,
In the rose by the door cats would eat us I'm sure,
Let us build in the apple tree, pray,
Pray, pray,
Let us build in the apple tree pray."

So away up in the old apple tree,
Mr. Wren built Brownie's nest,
And 'tis there she sits now, in the white blossomed bough,
With the baby birds under her breast,
Breast, breast,
With the baby birds under her breast.

September 11th, 1881.

AUNT ELEANOR'S DIAMONDS.

Aunt Eleanor wears such diamonds!
  Shiny and gay and grand,
Some on her neck and some in her hair,
  And some on her pretty hand.
One day I asked my mamma
  Why she never wore them, too;
She laughed and said, as she kissed my eyes,
  "My jewels are here, bright blue.

"They laugh and dance and beam and smile,
  So lovely all the day,
And never like Aunt Eleanor's go
  In a velvet box to stay.
Hers are prisoned in bands of gold,
  But mine are free as air,
Set in a bonny, dimpled face
  And shadowed with shining hair!"

November 27th, 1881.

THE TWINS.

Do you know our Peter and Polly,
So pretty, so plump and so jolly?
One with merry blue eyes and lips like a cherry,
And one with dark hair and cheeks brown as a berry?
Then this is our Peter and Polly!

Do you know our Polly and Peter?
One a little and one a great eater,
One with jews-harp and whistle and hammer
Just making a houseful of clamor;
And one with her dollie, and stories,
And lapful of blue morning glories?
Then this is our Polly and Peter!

November 27th, 1881.

OUT DOOR AND IN.

Five little chickens,
  Wasn't it fun,
When their mother called them,
  To see them all run?
Out in the garden path
  She scratched up a bug!

Fluffy-down caught it first
  And gave a big tug,
Yellow-back and Top-knot
  Each seized a wing;
Two ran with all their might
  But never found a thing.

September 11th, 1881.

MARY AND MARTHA.

Mary and Martha were two girls
  The only children Mamma had,
Martha was always very good,
  But Mary was always very bad.

One morning as they were at play,
  A tiger cat came crawling up,
And said, "Now, Martha, run away,
  While I upon your sister sup."

Now Martha hurried homeward, while
  A royal feast the tiger had,
"Aha," he murmured with a smile,
  I'd eaten *her,* if she'd been bad!"

TWO LITTLE BEARS.

Two little cub-bears,
  Frisky and strong,
Hair brown and shaggy,
  Claws sharp and long.

Two little cub-bears
  In a child's breast,
Fawn-like and gentle,
  Bringing us rest.

In the green grass rolling,
  Snapping their jaws,
Now standing upright,
  Licking their paws;

Why how can that be?
  Not strange you stare,
Where was there ever
  A gentle bear?

Two little cub-bears
  In a child's breast,
Called *bear* and *forbear,*
  They bring us rest.

August 28th, 1881.

HUSH-A-BY BABY.

Hush-a-by baby; as the birds fly,
We are off to the island of Lullaby;
I am the Captain, you are the crew,
And the cradle, I guess, is our birch bark canoe;
We'll drift away from the work-day shore
For a thousand long leagues or more,
Till we reach the strand where happy dreams wait,
Whether we're early or whether we're late.

Hush-a-by, baby; as the birds fly
Let us make the snug harbor of Lullaby.
Some little folks are far on the way;
Some have put in at Wide-awake Bay;
Others, I fear, are long overdue;
Don't let this happen, my darling, to you;
Let us steer for the coast where happy dreams wait,
Whether we're early or whether we're late.

November 13th, 1881.

BABY AND I.

Baby and I, in the twilight sweet,
Hearing the weary birds repeat
Cheery good-nights, from tree to tree,
Dearest of all day's comfort see;
For weary, too,
We kiss and coo,
He gives up all his world for me.

Baby and I, in the twilight glow,
Watching the branches to and fro,
Waving good-nights to the golden west,
Welcome the hour we love the best:
We rock and sing,
Till sleep we bring,
Who folds him in her downy nest.

Lingering still in the twilight grey,
After the radiance fades away,
I watch my darling, so still, so fair,
With thankful heart that to my care,
For happiness
No words express,
Awhile God trusts a gift so dear.

As in his little bed I place
My babe, in all his slumbering grace,
Heaven's starry lamps are lit on high,
One, angel borne, now flashes by,
And by their light
Through all the night,
Celestial watchers will be nigh.

October 30th, 1881.

COLIC.

Baby and I in the weary night
Are taking a walk for his delight;
I drowsily stumble o'er stool and chair
And clasp the babe with a grim despair,
For he's got the colic
And paregoric
Don't seem to ease my squalling heir.

Baby and I with the morning grey,
Are griping and squalling and walking away;
The fire's gone out and I nearly freeze;
There's a smell of peppermint on the breeze;
Then Mamma wakes
And baby takes
And says, "Now cook the breakfast, please!"

November 21st, 1881.

A HUSHABY SONG.

Come, tender babe, and on this breast
Thy silken, golden ringlets rest;
Shut up thine eyes, those limpid eyes,
As blue, as sunny as the skies;
Hush, hush thy sobbing, go to sleep,
While angels o'er thee vigils keep.

He sleeps, my darling baby boy,
My life, my hope, my sweetest joy!
How like a budding, blushing rose
His tiny mouth, now in repose!
How white his chubby, dimpled fists,
How plump and creased his baby wrists!
His little neck, how soft and sleek,
His chubby legs, how childish weak!
How sweet to gaze on baby's face
And dream of future manhood days.

Who knows but in the time to be
His form shall grace the gallows tree?
Then shall his eyes so pure and bright
Be veiled by cap as black as night;
Then shall his tiny hands, alack!
Be strapped behind his sturdy back!

Then shall his chubby legs be bound
With cruel hempen cords around,
Then shall his neck so white and fair,
By brutal hands be laid all bare,
A ruthless noose adjusted here
Below his tiny, shell-like ear!

How sweet to gaze on baby's face
And dream of future manhood days!

A LULLABY.

Go, little darling, go,
Nid nodding to Bye-low;
  The snow white sheep
  Are fast asleep
In such a pretty row,
All in the sweet Bye-low;
Then go, my darling, go.

September 11th, 1881.

BABY'S COLD.

Back from off his fevered temples
  Brush his struggling locks of gold,
Hear his deep stentorious breathing,
  Little darling's caught a cold.
Hasten, get the soapstone heated,
  Place it at his chubby toes,
Speed thee for the mutton tallow,
  Grease the little darling's nose.

January 19th, 1883.

LITTLE GOLD HEAD.

The little Gold Head was so "put out,"
Though none but herself knew what about,
That she sat on the door steps a while to pout,
Oh, greedy little Gold Head!

"I had one tart, but I wanted two,
So I'll run away, that's what I'll do!"
And she found White-wool in the meadow dew
Cropping the clover red.

The two were friends, and glad to meet,
She cried, "Nan-nan, is the clover sweet?
And can you have all you want to eat?"
"Ba-a ba-a —!" he said.

September 18th, 1881.

TAKING CARE OF KITTY.

They brushed the clothes, they beat the clothes,
One sunny April day—
Their winter clothes I mean—and then
They packed them all away
In paper boxes tied around,
With very strongest strings,
First freely sprinkling them with some
Tobacco dust and camphor gum.

And when their labor done they took
Their tea and toasted bread,
"Why, where is kitty?" some one asked,
And "I know," Lulu said;
"She's in my dollies' biggest trunk;
I brushed and beated her;
There can't not any moths I dess,
Det into her nice fur.
She scratched my fingers when I put
The camphor stuff about,
Div me some toast that's buttered froo."
They left it all to her and flew
To get poor kitty out.

August 7th, 1881.

THE AWFUL FATE OF LITTLE JIM.

Children hear this dreadful story
Of a little boy named Jim,
That upon this day, Thanksgiving,
You may warning take of him.
Jim sat down to eat his dinner
On a bright Thanksgiving day,
Nor for bib nor even blessing
Would the little fellow stay.

"James," his mother gently warned him,
"James, you musn't eat too much,
These are very hearty victuals,
All these turkeys, quails and such;"
Jim paid no attention to her,
Save to give a passing frown,
He was too entirely busy
Putting all the good things down.

Venison, partridge, quail and rabbit,
Sardines, lobster, chicken pie,
Down his little gullet vanished
In the twinkling of an eye.
"Look a'here, my son," said Papa,
"You have eaten quite enough,
You'll be sick if you continue
To fill up on this 'ere stuff."

All in vain; his headstrong hopeful
Would not listen unto him,
But continued eating, eating.
Naughty, naughty little Jim;
Bigger, bigger grows his stomach,
Filled with cakes and pies and meat,
Rounder, fuller, tighter, plumper,
Still he did not cease to eat.

Last of all the round plum pudding;
Jim was looking very pale,
"James, my dear," his Ma protested,
"Something you must surely ail;"
Jim rolled up his little eyeballs,
Put one hand upon his head
And the other on his stomach,
"I am feeling sick," he said.

Papa hastened for the doctor,
Mamma shrieked and tore her hair,
All too late to save poor Jimmy,
He had climbed the golden stair;
For there came a loud explosion,
Rending Jimmy all asunder,
Nevermore his form was witnessed,
He had bursted all to thunder.

Six men worked a week with brushes
Ere enough of James was found
To adorn a modest corner
In the family burying ground.
So to-day, dear little children,
Ere your appetite inflames
You to eat more than you ought to,
Think, oh! think of little James.

November 30th, 1882.

ELLEN MAY.

A sweet and interesting child
  Whose name was Ellen May,
Met with a most untimely fate
  A week ago today.
And, though we shudder to relate,
  It happened in this way.

The air was fresh and balmy like,
  The sun shone clear and bright,
When little Ellen asked her ma
  If she with Bettie White
Could on the sidewalk play, and ma
  Informed her that she might.

Her mother for the nonce forgot
  Her all accustomed care,
Deceived, alas! by glowing rays
  And by the balmy air,
So little Ellen May went out
  And did not rubbers wear.

Then played they on the sidewalk there,
  Did little Nell and Bet,
And running to and fro in sport
  They all too soon did get
Their pinafores besplashed with mud,
  Their shoes all soaking wet.

Now Bettie White was strong and hale
As any child might be,
She romped and played the livelong day,
From ev'ry ailment free;
But Ellen May was fragile like,
Quite delicate was she.

And so that night while Betsy slept,
Poor Ellen gave a whoop
That made the very rafters ring
And roused the family group,
And Mamma, springing, wildly shrieked
"My baby's got the croup!"

In vain the doctor's sage advice,
In vain the patent pills,
In vain the guileful castor oil,
In vain the dose of squills,
Poor Ellen upward turned her toes
And ceased from mortal ills.

And so is told the tearful fate
Of little Ellen May,
Who, had she put her rubbers on
When she went out to play
That mild December afternoon,
Might be alive today.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Our little Tom to the orchard strayed,
Where bloomed the blossoms upon each limb,
One little blossom bent down where he played
And breathed a fragrant kiss to him.

Our little Tom smiled a cunning smile
And merrily shook his curly head,
"I'll tackle you, blossom, after a while
When you grow to be an apple," he said.

The blossom remarked, " 'Tis a cold, cold day
When boys like you get away with me,"
But the boy went carelessly on his way
While the blossom chuckled with fiendish glee.

The days passed on and the weeks passed on,
And the blossom into an apple grew,
When along came Tom and gobbled it down,
Skin, stem and core and the green seeds too.

Our little Tommy has angel wings
And he flops around in the golden sky;
It's to be presumed he sweetly sings
Of apple blossoms in the By and By.

THE SWIMMING BOY.

A little boy went out to swim
And took a cake of soap with him
And slimed each supple little limb.

And when he on the bank arove
One long last downward look he gove
And then into the water dove.

And trying to regain the top
In vain, alas! he tried to flop,
He went so fast he couldn't stop;

His limbs were soaped from heel to hip
He couldn't get a half-way grip,
For, every time he tried, he'd slip.

The water no resistance gave
And so beneath the murky wave
He found a wet untimely grave.

With thrilling, thundering, thumping thud
He struck the misty, moisty mud,
And turtles fattened on his blood.

We dedicate this little hymn
To little boys of supple limb
Who soap themselves before they swim.

(Attributed to) Col. John Arkins.

November 27th, 1882.

THE AWFUL BUGABOO.

There was an awful Bugaboo,
Whose eyes were red and hair was Blue;
His teeth were Long and Sharp and White,
And he went Prowling 'round at night.

A little girl was Tucked in Bed,
A pretty Night Cap on her Head;
Her mamma heard her Pleading say,
"Oh, do not take the Lamp away!"

But mamma took away the Lamp
And oh, the Room was Dark and Damp;
The little girl was scared to Death,
She did not Dare to draw her Breath.

And all at once the Bugaboo
Came rattling down the Chimney Flue;
He perched upon the little Bed,
And Scratched the girl until she Bled.

He drank the Blood and Scratched again,
The little Girl cried out in Vain,
He picked Her up and Off he Flew,
This Naughty, Naughty Bugaboo!

So, children, when in Bed tonight,
Don't let them Take away the Light,
Or else the awful Bugaboo
May come and Fly away with you!

December 19th, 1881.

THE MOUNTAIN LION.

I am a mountain lion free,
And I roam the mountain side,
I grit my teeth in savage glee,
And my chops with gore are dyed;
I live on little babies fat
Which from their homes I steal,
I love to crunch each toothsome brat,
And hear his dying squeal!

February 6th, 1883.

THE GOOD BOY AND THE BAD.

There was a worthy little boy
  Whose name was Willie Hood;
He was as poor as poor can be,
  But he was very good.
There was another little boy
  Whose name was Jonas Ladd;
And though his father reeked with wealth,
  The boy was very bad.
When Christmas came and Santa Claus
  Went hovering about,
Bad Jonas got his full of truck,
  Good Willie went without.

November 23d, 1882.

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

I'd like a stocking made for a giant,
And a meeting house full of toys,
Then I'd go out in a happy hunt
For the poor little girls and boys;
Up the street and down the street,
And across and over the town,
I'd search and find them every one,
Before the sun went down.

One would want a new jack-knife
Sharp enough to cut;
One would long for a doll with hair,
And eyes that open and shut;
One would ask for a china set
With dishes all to her mind;
One would wish a Noah's ark
With beasts of every kind.

Some would like a doll's cook-stove
And a little toy wash tub;
Some would prefer a little drum,
For a noisy rub-a-dub-dub;
Some would wish for a story book,
And some for a set of blocks;
Some would be wild with happiness
Over a new tool-box.

And some would rather have little shoes,
And other things warm to wear;
For many children are very poor
And the winter is hard to bear;
I'd buy soft flannels for little frocks,
And a thousand stockings or so,
And the jolliest little coats and cloaks
To keep out the frost and snow.

I'd load a wagon with caramels
And candy of every kind,
And buy all the almond and pecan nuts
And taffy that I could find;
And barrels and barrels of oranges
I'd scatter right in the way,
So the children would find them the very first thing
When they wake on Christmas day.

MY LADY.

My lady's eyes are bright and blue,
  Her hair is soft and golden,
Her voice is sweeter than the coo
  Of turtle doves when turtles woo.
Her bright smile would embolden
  The faintest lover. More than this
  She often clambers for a kiss.

Her little hands are soft and fat,
  Her elbows have a dimple,
Her dress is quite superb; a hat
  And snowy feather, think of that!
And yet her tastes are simple;
  Red cape, blue sash, blue skirt, and blue's
  The color of her funny shoes.

My lady is not coy,
  Upon my lap already
She'll often sit; and to my joy
  She calls me "Fy," or "my dear boy,"
(She can't quite manage "Teddy,")
  Around my neck her arms she'll fold,
  And yet—you couldn't call her bold!

She says that she will be my wife
When I'm inclined to marry,
How sweet, how sweet she'll make my life!
I have no fear of wedded strife;
Then wherefore should I tarry?
Well, if the truth must here be told,
My lady's only three years old.

September 25th, 1881.

MAMMA'S VALENTINE.

Baby came toddling up to my knee,
His chubby features all aglow,
"Dess I'se doin' to be 'oor beau,
See what oo' dot from me!"
A valentine from my baby boy!
A crumpled sheet and a homely scrawl,
In a baby hand—that was all—
Yet it filled my heart with joy.

Broken my heart and white my hair,
And my mother eyes are used to weep,
My little boy is fast asleep
In the churchyard over there.
What shall be mamma's valentine?
The spirit touch of the baby hand,
A baby voice from the spirit land,
Singing a song divine.

February 14th, 1883.

LITTLE FLO.

Yaas, that was many years ago
  This glorious September,
Ah, though my hair is white as snow,
  How well I kin remember
The hopes, the fright, the joy, the fears,
  That early autumn mornin',
The tremblin' and the burnin' tears,
  While baby was a bornin'.

She was in thar, an' I outside,
  Whar I could hear her cryin',
I felt like I could go and hide,
  I swar 'twas wuss nor dyin',
To think that I, I hadn't sand,
  With all my pride and scornin',
Ter hold her leettle tremblin' hand,
  While baby was a bornin'.

I looked up at the blazin' sun,
  Ah, as the clock struck seven,
I thought I seen a little one,
  Come sailin' down from Heaven.
And then I heern a feeble cry,
  I knew the tiny warnin'
It seemed to come straight from the sky,
  Ah, baby was a bornin'.

She was the fust,—'twas years ago,
  And yet she is the dearest,
An' to my heart my little Flo
  Seems, somehow, allus nearest.
I guess it must ha' been cos I,
  That dre'ful autumn mornin',
Stood at the door and heern the cry
  Of little baby bornin'.

May 29th 1882.

THE PRAYER.

Long years have passed since that sweet time
When first I breathed upon the air
My simple little baby prayer,
A prayer with earnestness sublime;
Since first my mother clasped my hands
And bade me e'er I went to sleep,
Pray God my little soul to keep,
Take me to dwell in heav'nly lands.

And now the years on years have fled,
And tho' the mother's passed away
And tho' my head be bowed and grey,
The little prayer that I then said
Comes floating back on angel wing
As if, upon the other shore,
A little child had lisped it o'er
For God's own messengers to bring.

January 27th, 1882.

JIM'S KIDS.

Jim was a fisherman, up on the hill,
Over the beach lived he and his wife,
In a little house—you can see it still—
An' their two fair boys; upon my life
You never seen two likelier kids,
In spite of their antics an' tricks an' noise
Than them two boys!

Jim would go out in his boat on the sea,
Just as the rest of us fishermen did,
An' when he come back at night thar'd be
Up to his knees in the surf, each kid,
A beck'nin' and cheerin' to fisherman Jim;
He'd hear 'em, you bet, above the roar
Of the waves on the shore.

But one night Jim came a sailin' home
And the little kids weren't on the sands;
Jim kinder wondered they hadn't come,
And a tremblin' took hold o' his knees and hands,
And he learnt the worst up on the hill,
In the little house, an' he bowed his head,
"The fever," they said.

'Twas an awful time for fisherman Jim,
With them darlin's a dyin' afore his eyes,
They kep' a callin' an' beck'nin' him,
For they kinder wandered in mind. Their cries
Were about the waves and fisherman Jim
And the little boat a sailin' for shore
Till they spoke no more.

Well, fisherman Jim lived on and on,
And his hair grew white and the wrinkles came,
But he never smiled and his heart seemed gone,
And he never was heard to speak the name
Of the little kids who were buried there,
Up on the hill in sight o' the sea,
Under a willow tree.

One night they came and told me to haste
To the house on the hill, for Jim was sick,
And they said I hadn't no time to waste,
For his tide was ebbin' powerful quick
An' he seemed to be wand'rin' and crazy like,
An' a seein' sights he oughtn't to see,
An' had called for me.

And fisherman Jim sez he to me,
"It's my last, last cruise, you understand,
I'm sailin' a dark and dreadful sea,
But off on the further shore, on the sand,
Are the kids, who's a beck'nin' and callin' my name
Jess as they did, oh, mate, you know,
In the long ago."

No sir! he wasn't afeared to die,
For all that night he seemed to see
His little boys of the years gone by,
And to hear sweet voices forgot by me;
An' just as the mornin' sun came up,
"They're a holdin' me by the hands," he cried,
And so he died.

December 30th, 1882.

THE CHRISTMAS TREASURES.

I count my treasures o'er with care—
  A little toy that baby knew—
  A little sock of faded hue—
A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this Christmas time,
  My little one, my all to me—
  Sat robed in white upon my knee
And heard the merry Christmas chimes.

"Tell me, my little golden head,
  If Santa Claus should come tonight,
  What shall he bring my baby bright—
What treasure for my boy?" I said.

And then he named the little toy,
  While in his round and truthful eyes
  There came a look of glad surprise,
That spoke his trustful, childish joy.

And as he lisped his evening prayer
  He asked the boon with baby grace,
  And toddling to the chimney place,
He hung his little stocking there.

That night as length'ning shadows crept,
I saw the white winged angels come,
With music to our humble home
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his baby prayer,
For in the morn, with glowing face,
He toddled to the chimney place,
And found the little treasure there.

They came again one Christmas tide—
That angel host so fair and white—
And, singing all the Christmas night,
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy—
A little lock of golden hair—
The Christmas music on the air—
Awatching for my baby boy.

But if again that angel train
And golden head come back for me
To bear me to eternity,
My watching will not be in vain.

December 25th, 1881.

Poems of the People.

Poems of the People.

THE ADVERTISER.

I am an advertiser great!
  In letters bold
  The praises of my wares I sound,
Prosperity is my estate;
  The people come,
  The people go
  In one continuous,
  Surging flow.
They buy my goods and come again
And I'm the happiest of men;
And this the reason I relate,
I'm an advertiser great!

There is a shop across the way
  Where ne'er is heard a human tread,
  Where trade is paralyzed and dead,
With ne'er a customer a day.
  The people come,
  The people go,
  But never there.
  They do not know
There's such a shop beneath the skies,
Because *he* does not advertise!
While I with pleasure contemplate
That I'm an advertiser great.

The secret of my fortune lies
  In one small fact, which I may state,
  Too many tradesmen learn too late,
If I have goods, I advertise.
  Then people come
  And people go
  In constant streams,
  For people know
That he who has good wares to sell
Will surely advertise them well;
And proudly I reiterate,
I am an advertiser great!

BE NOT FORGETFUL.

Some folks believe in angels
A prowling around on earth;
Experience teaches me better,
You may take it for what it's worth.

Las' night a dreamy-eyed creature
Crep' up in the darkness and said,
"Please gimme a quarter mister,
Ter pay fer a supper and bed."

I looked at him sharp and I thought
I saw a strange light in his eyes,
An' a suddent thought came upon me—
'Twas a angel chap in disguise!

So I reached down in my breeches,
And gin him my last stray dime,
An' he crept back into the darkness,
A blessin' me all the time.

A calm like peace came on me,
An' them blessins rung in my ear,
Till later that night I run across
That thar angel a guzzlin' beer.

Arter all, it done me more good,
To give to that thirsty moke,
Than if he'd a been a angel
A playin' a practical joke.

April 15th, 1882.

THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

Do I believe in Angels? Yes,
And in their prowlings to and fro—
I entertained one long ago,
In guise of age and sore distress.

He clambered up the narrow stairs,
And by his heavenly smile I knew
He was a truant angel who
Had come to visit unawares.

"Rest thee, old man," I gaily cried,
"And share my humble couch and cheer—
Thou shalt not want for comfort here—
My home and heart are open wide."

Relieved of temporary cares,
The old man laid him down and slept;
And in my thankfulness I wept—
I'd entertained him unawares!

I never shall forget that night,
My happy dreams, my slumbers sound,
And when I woke at noon I found
My angel vanished out of sight.

Perhaps in years that are to be,
That angel will return, and yet
I sometimes fear he may forget
To bring my overcoat to me.

January 19th, 1882.

THE TWIN FOLLOWERS.

Two ragged holes beam sadly out
  Below the suburbs of this vest,
  Like guardian angels of unrest,
They follow him for e'er about.
No picture could the public scan,
  With half the greedy, fixed intent,
  That on those dual holes is bent,
Those trade marks of an honest man.

How came those hungry holes both there?
  Ah, ask the hours of toil and pain,
  The pencil, lamp and woven cane,
The creaky, rusty, office chair!
Why, everything is new at first
  And framed to stem the tide of life,
  But all must yield at last to strife,
And even pants at length will burst.

And so, O honest holes, we greet
  You with a proud and hearty grace;
  Good welcome to the resting place,
Thrice welcome to the royal seat!
In all the turmoil, all the strife,
  There are no teachers half so true,
  To teach us what we learn from you,
The stern realities of life.

GEMS FOR THE PRINTER.

Slug 5 was portly and round and fair,
And he threw in type with a lordly air
Under the coal-oil's lurid glare.

One of Slug 5's most innocent joys
Was, when surcease from work and noise,
He jeffed with the other printer boys.

It made the printer men howl and moan
When on the fatal imposing stone
They saw his handful of em quads thrown.

One night, unknowing of Slug 5's fame
At playing this most unfortunate game,
A slim young man to the news room came,

And, seeing the slender creature near,
Slug 5 remarked with a bitter leer
"I'll jeff you, sir, for cigars or beer."

And the slim man started and tossed his head,
The shaft struck home and his heartstrings bled,
"Pray, what is jeffing?" the victim said.

And Slug 5, thinking his ruin planned,
Explained the process in detail, and
The young man yearned for to take a hand.

Then three times threw Slug 5 the tricks,
And he made a total of just eight nicks,
And he quoth, "He never can beat that fix."

The young man gathered the em quads too,
A Molly, a cock and two he threw,
"Now, one more throw and that will do!"

The young man threw, and there supine
On the cold, cold stone, in a ghastly line,
Loomed seven nicks, or a total nine!

March 29th, 1882.

DISCONTENT.

A printer man in sotto tone,
Did once his bitter fate bemoan;
"How does it always happen that
My 'takes' are 'solid' and not fat?"
I could not bear his piteous look,
And so I hung upon the "hook"
A "leaded take" which, with a leer,
He grasped, while these words reached my ear:
"Yes, just my luck, there'll never be
No double leaded takes for me!"
Then that I might for just once make
His soul content, a rousing take
Of double-leaded nonpareil
Upon that hook I hung. Ah, well,
He still was sad and muttered low,
"I s'pose 't'll allus be just so,
Why don't they mark in some fat thing,
Like slugs, to swell a fellow's string?"
That printer man will sigh no more,
He lies a corpse upon the floor!

March 29th, 1882.

THE POET'S THEME.

If I could sing as the angels sing
  In heaven above,
I would raise my voice to a heavenly thing,
  And that is love.
But my voice is harsh and my petted sense
  Is of humble stripe,
And oh! it's a lowly theme I choose,
  The which is tripe.

The world may laugh and the world deride,
  Ah, well, so be,
I take it stewed and I take it fried,
  It stays by me,
It fills my soul with a strange delight,
  As well my maw,
And I see in my dreams the livelong night,
  My mother-in-law.

I am chased by bulls and gnawed by rats,
  Down chasms falling,
Mine ears are filled with the noise of cats
  Like demons squalling,
I am drowned and hung and burned to death,
  Dunned by a tailor,
A witch befouls me with her breath
  And loathsome squalor.

Bah! sing if ye will, in rounded rhymes,
Each varying passion,
But for regular, thrilling, exciting times,
In cold blood fashion,
Give me the scenes of blood, of gore,
Of fiendish stripe,
Of goblins flitting from ceiling to floor,
Aye, give me tripe!

March 11th, 1882.

PARADISE REGAINED.

Once on a time a man did die,
And bursting forth, his soul flew straight,
Up to the pearly realms on high
Where good St. Peter kept the gate.

The sainted Peter shook his head
And would not lend a pitying ear,
"Such worthless folks as you," he said,
"Need make no application here!"

In vain the hapless soul implored,
The warden bade him go to grass,
In vain he begged and mourned and roared,
St. Peter would not let him pass,

Till, goaded on by misery's stings,
And tortured by revenge and spite
That soul drew back and flapped its wings,
And crowed three times with all its might.

St. Peter blushed a scarlet blush,
"Pass in," he cried, "I'll check your hat,
Don't be personal, but hush
In future all such sounds as that!"

Your soul may be as white as snow,
Your life be full of good intent,
'Twill matter not, some one will know
The record to your detriment.

October 31st, 1882.

THE PIOUS BANKER.

There was a banker, rich and proud,
A church man to a high degree,
And all society allowed
A worthy citizen was he;
And to his worship from afar
The sycophantic public ran,
And he was dubbed, with just eclat,
"A truly, truly honest man."

One morning, so the story goes,
The banker was no more in sight;
The public loud bewailed their woes,
Their money, too, had vanished quite,
And then the people prated loud
Of "robbing on the pious plan,"
They failed to see the banker proud
Was truly still a *non est* man.

May 19th, 1883.

THE REVIVAL.

And when, one night the parson come,
His piety friends to greet,
He found a crowd of the bummer gang
All sot on the hopeful seat.
He seemed for to take their meanin' in,
But never a mite he stirred,
An' the prayer he raised to the Lord that night
Was the powerfulest ever heard.

He prayed for all mankind that's vile
A livin' on earth below,
And he axed a special prayer for them
As sat on that thar front row.
The gang they stood it as best they could
Till it got too drefful hot,
And then the eggs begun for to fly
From where them bummers sot.

The parson allowed a quick Amen
And stepped squar up to the crowd,
"Show me the feller as flung them eggs!"
He inquiry made aloud.
"Waal, what do you purpose to do?"
One on em axed in reply,
But before he knowed it he calmly drapt,
With a balcony onto his eye.

Them fellers fell and chawed the floor,
  But the parson never stopt
Till he'd cleaned the crowd completely out
  And the last durned cuss had dropt,
Then lookin' around on the women folk
  In a calm and peaceful way,
He sez, "Now, sence the episode
  Has concluded, let us pray."

From that thar moment the grace o' the Lord
  Pervaded our little town,
And them folks got it wust who'd sworn
  They'd get that preacher down.
That's why I have said and still maintain
  Revivals is doubtless right,
But where would ha' been the grace o' God,
  Ef that preacher'd been licked that night?

November 22d, 1882.

LIVING AND DYING.

Joe Smith was eke a goodly man
  As ever lived on earth,
The world admired and loudly praised
  His truly pious worth;
His life was full of charity
  And free from sinful pride
But scarce had lived to thirty-four,
  When one calm eventide
A mule kicked him quite playfully,
  And Smith soon after died.

John Brown, a knave of deepest hue,
  Dwelt in the selfsame town,
A grosser, meaner, viler scamp
  There never lived than Brown;
He cussed, he swore, he smoked, he chewed,
  He even keno played,
And down in Texas years ago
  They say a man he slayed;
Yet he lived on contentedly
  And lots of money made,
Till finally, a grey haired man,
  John Brown lay down to die.

His wife and children gathered 'round,
A preacher lingered nigh,
The only token of his death
A quiet, gentle sigh.
We'd like to live as did old Smith,
Revered by all the town,
But when it comes to dying, we'd
Prefer to die like Brown.

November 26th, 1882.

ELECTING FATE.

Two pieces of ice in the ice house lay
Waiting the dawn of another day,
And as they lingered there side by side,
"Oh, tell me brother, since we must die,
What fate would you choose for the by and by?"
The giddiest piece of the couple cried.

"Oh, I am fondly and gently bred,"
The other ice cake sighing said,
"And I would melt in a glass of tea
With a maiden stirring me to and fro
And mixing me up with sugar I trow,
Such, I pray, may my ending be."

The other cake for a moment smiled,
"I always have been a wayward child
And it strikes me now I would like to float
In a brandy punch or a whisky sour,
Beguiling some wretched, mortal hour,
And cooling some thirsty mortal's throat."

The hours passed on and the days went by
Till finally came their time to die,
And the gentle piece of ice expired
In a bowl of tea, while the other piece,
In rare libation found surcease,
Each one perished as each desired.

What of the maiden who quaffed the tea?
They planted her under a willow tree,
And the mourners come and the mourners go,
Ice cold tea was the dreadful cause,
Nature avenged her outraged laws,
Neuralgia wielded the deadly blow.

And the man—oh, the man of the whisky sour,
He's living and prospers this very hour,
And he struck it rich in a Gunnison mine.
Oh, it's always the same with ice and men,
It's nice to be giddy now and then,
Take your death in tea and your life in wine.

August 7th, 1881.

ROMANCE OF THE CUCUMBER.

A cucumber green on the table lay,
Biding his swiftly approaching death,
And he smiled at the vinegar over the way,
And unto the pepper and salt he saith,
"You'll keep me company, friends, I trust,
We'll die like Sampson if die we must."

A maiden sat in a chair hard by,
A beautiful maiden of supple grace,
And delicate features, and large blue eye,
And a rapturous transport over her face.
A youth drove moodily home that night,
In the last faint streak of the twilight blush,
And the moon as of one in a piteous plight,
Invaded the evening's solemn hush;
One look at the river, one little splash
And the eddy encircled the lover rash.

A sorrowing train with the tell-tale bier,
Passed over the road to the family lot
While the mourners gazed at the gardens near,
And the cucumbers whispered, "Forget us not."
One little spirit by angels blest,
One little stomach for aye at rest.

(Attributed to) R. M. Field.

August 28th, 1881.

HER ESSAY.

A seminary graduate
Was Miss Samantha Brown,
The wisest, wittiest, prettiest girl
In all our lovely town;
Her graduation essay was
The finest ever read
In east or west or north or south
Or anywhere, 'tis said.

Her dress was white pekay, en train,
And built with fairy skill,
'Twas tucked and pleated, gored and trimmed
With many a flounce and frill;
The overdress was baby blue
Enwrought with laces fine,
Oh, all the women folks declared
The essay was divine!

The basque was cut in Perisian style,
With pipings all of silk,
The corsage was besplashed with bars
Of velvet pale as milk;
The waist was made decollete
And showed a comely form;
The essay—doubt you what we say?
Took all the men by storm.

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

Where is the doodlebug that erst
When blushing, fragrance breathing flowers,
Wooed back by April's kindly showers,
Beamed gladly forth from Flora's bowers,
Where is the doodlebug, we say,
That burst
All into life and toiled away
Through sand and sun of summer day?

Where is the gauzey white pekay
Which when the spring, serene and warm
Succeeded wintry wind and storm,
Bedecked the average female form,
O where that fluted biased thing
We pray
That with the advent of each spring,
The beaux admire and poets sing?

Gone, like a fevered, summer dream,
Gone like the soon forgotten lay,
Gone like the friend of yesterday,
The doodlebug, the white pekay!
But when the vernal breeze and rain
And beam
Refresh the hillside and the plain,
The two will come, will come again.

THE COMPLIMENT.

Arrayed in snow-white pants and vest,
And other raiment fair to view,
I stood before my sweetheart Sue—
The charming creature I love best.
"Tell me and does my costume suit?"
I asked that apple of my eye—
And then the charmer made reply,
"Oh, yes, you *do* look awful cute!"

Although I frequently had heard
My sweetheart vent her pleasure so,
I must confess I did not know
The meaning of that favorite word.

But presently at window side
We stood and watched the passing throng,
And soon a donkey passed along
With ears like wings extended wide.
And gazing at the doleful brute
My sweetheart gave a merry cry—
I quote her language with a sigh—
"O, Charlie, ain't he awful cute?"

August 5th, 1882.

THE CRUEL FATHER.

When charming Christine Nilsson sang
In our æsthetic town
And all our local country rang
With praise of her renown,
A gentle, comely maid we knew
Made loud and numerous ado,
The fair Camelia Brown.

"I want to hear Miss Nilsson sing,"
To her papa said she;
"And so tonight I pray you bring
A bonnet home for me;
For how the other girls would stare
If I should show this old one there,
I hate the horrid thing!"

But he, with purpose to deride
And give his child the bluff,
"I'll buy no bonnets now," he cried,
"The old one's good enough."
The fair Camelia hung her head
And not another word she said,
She simply gasped and died.

December 18th, 1882.

A PIAZZA TRAGEDY.

The beauteous Ethel's father has a
Newly painted front piazza,
He has a
Piazza;
When with tobacco juice 'twas tainted,
They had the front piazza painted,
That tainted
Piazza painted.

Algernon called that night, perchance,
Arrayed in comely sealskin pants,
That night, perchance,
In gorgeous pants;
Engaging Ethel in a chat
On that piazza down he sat,
In chat,
They sat.

And when an hour or two had passed,
He tried to rise, but oh, stuck fast,
At last
Stuck fast!
Fair Ethel shrieked, "It is the paint!"
And fainted in a deadly faint,
This saint
Did faint.

Algernon sits there till this day,
He cannot tear himself away;
Away?
Nay, nay,
His pants are firm, the paint is dry,
He's nothing else to do but die;
To die!
O my!

THE FRONT GATE.

An old and crippled gate am I,
And twenty years have passed
Since I was swung up high and dry
Betwixt these posts so fast;
And now I've grown so powerful weak,
Despised by man and beast,
I'm scarcely strong enough to squeak,
Although I'm never greased.

'Twas twenty years ago, I say,
When Mr. Enos White
Came kind of hanging 'round my way,
'Most every other night,
He hung upon my starboard side
And she upon the other,
Till Susan Smith became his bride
And in due time a mother.

I groaned intensely when I heard,
Despite I am no churl,
My doom breathed in a single word,
The baby was a girl!
And as she grew and grew and grew,
I loud bemoaned my fate,
For she was very fair to view,
And I—I was the gate!

Then, in due time a lover came,
Betokening my ruin,
A dapper fellow, Brown by name,
The grown-up baby wooin';
They swung upon me in the gloam,
And talked of moon and star,
They're married now and live at home
Along with ma and pa.

My lot was happy for a year,
No courting, night or day,
I had no thought, I had no fear,
Bad luck would come my way;
But oh, this morning—save the mark!
There came a wild surprise,
A shadow flitted grim and dark
Across my sunny skies.

A doctor, with a knowing smile,
A nurse with face serene,
A bustle in the house a while,
Great scot! what can it mean?
My hinges ache, my lock is weak,
My pickets are awhirl,
I hear that awful doctor speak,
It is another girl!

January 26th, 1883.

THE RECREANT.

While the stars are twinkling bright above
And Luna sinks in western steeps,
Her lonely watch fair Claudia keeps,
And broods upon her maiden love.

Upon her pallid cheek a tear
Strays from her wan and fireless eye,
And from her lips escapes a sigh,
"Oh, why is not Alberto here!"

Is that his voice in yonder dale,
That floats like music on the air?
No, no, Alberto is not there,
'Tis but the tuneful nightingale.

Is it his step upon the hill,
That brings the bloom to Claudia's cheeks?
Nay, this a thirsty mule that seeks
Refreshment at the mountain rill.

Heaven help thee in thy piteous plight,
O Claudia, fair as summer skies;
Compose thy sorrow, wipe thine eyes,
Alberto will not come tonight,

For in the midnight's solemn hush,
He breathes a vow that smells of wine,
He holds a hand that is not thine,
He dallies with a bobtail flush.

LOVE'S REQUEST.

George, do not come tonight,
  I would not cause thee pain, but oh!
  I must command thee, darling, go,
And when the moon's pale light
  Doth shimmer through the waving trees,
  And on the softly dancing breeze
The nightingale throbs his refrain,
Come not again, forgive the pain,
George, do not come tonight.

Nay, must I tell thee why?
  And dost thou doubt this loyal heart?
  'Tis better, George, that we should part,
For, O my darling, I
  Discover by the pain 'tis making,
  That horrid vaccination's taking,
Yet, if you'll promise on your knees
You will not tease me for a squeeze,
Tonight, George—you may come.

January 13th, 1882.

THE DIMPLE.

The lines by the arrows of Cupid oppressed,
The soul to the fairest of women addressed;
My love hath the eyes of a fright-stricken doe,
And a voice that is mournfully tender;
And hair that is dark as eternity's flow
And a waist that is witchingly slender;
But ah, what I count her delightfullest charm
Is the dear little dimple she wears in her arm,
A charm,
That fair, precious dimple she wears in her arm!

It loves to coquette with my eagersome eyes,
'Neath its mantle of gossamer laces,
And my lady affects the sincerest surprise
That I praise not her other fair graces;
Aye, vows she is racked with the direst alarm
Lest I too fondly praise that cute spot in her arm;
Alarm
For the round, laughing dimple she wears in her arm.

Nay, soothe thy small jealousy, maiden so fair,
And grant me a boon that is simple,
For oh, I'd esteem it a favor most rare,
A kiss on that round laughing dimple!
You surely must know that there's never a harm
In kissing a dimple one wears on the arm;
No harm,
In kissing that dimple that smiles on your arm!

"Oh, degenerate lover," methinks she replies,
And I tremble to hear her so speak,
"You may kiss, since your kisses I loftily prize,
This cute little mole on my cheek.
What you think is a dimple, I pray you be calm,
Is an old vaccination scar deep in my arm,
Be calm!
It's an old vaccination you see on my arm!

November 5th, 1881.

A SIREN SOLD.

I can but think a woman's wink
  Is rarely accidental,
The sex at flirting is adept,
For tempted Eve, old Adam wept,
  And suffered supplemental.

We all recall man's primal fall
  And how Eve tried to cater
To our first daddy's taste for fruit,
Before he donned the fig leaf suit,
  Ah, too-too Alma Mater.

The other day, far up Broadway,
  I saw a seal clad damsel,
Whose lashes quivered 'neath the gaze
Of every man that dared to raise
  His eyes and look at mam'selle.

I later met this arch coquette,
  Returning from her shopping,
Demure and innocent she seemed,
And yet a roguish twinkle gleamed
  From optic gently dropping.

What did I then, O evil men,
Who wickedly are guessing,
You don't believe a solemn oath,
I didn't (though by no means loath),
Now isn't this distressing?

(Attributed to) H. Clay Lukens.

February 16th, 1882.

AS TO EYES.

When sorrow casts upon the world
  Her pall of ghastly, ghostly hue,
And when misfortune's darts are hurled,
  Oh, give me laughing eyes of blue!
Their coquetry would fain beguile
From sorrow's frowning face a smile.

When mirthfulness and laughter crown
  The sports of banquet, song and dance,
Then would I choose the eyes of brown,
  The earnest, truthful eyes; perchance
Their solemn glories would recall
My thoughts from levity and all.

But, ah, since melancholy, mirth
  And dire misfortune every day
Walk hand in hand o'er all the earth,
  'Tis red eye that's my choice, I say,
Too much of neither does it bring,
It sort of equalizes things.

THE APRIL FOOL.

'Twas in the spring of '72
I first met Bessie, charming girl,
Who caught me with her eyes of blue
And hair of mellow golden hue,
That wandered into many a curl.
One night I asked her for my wife,
While comin' home from singin' school,
Protesting else my future life
Would be a blank and dreary waste
From which all sunlight were erased;
"Yes," answered then the pretty miss,
I stole a furtive, burning kiss
And called her, in a burst of bliss,
"My precious little April Fool."

'Tis now the spring of '83,
And we are married, Bet and I,
I will confess, 'twixt you and me,
She is not what she used to be,
My angel of the years gone by;
And when I think of that sweet time
I took her home from singing school.
I feel like weaving into rhyme

This bitter, weary, sad reflection,
Resulting from profound dejection:
When I went courting that fair miss,
And begged her grant me wedded bliss,
And sealed her answer with a kiss,
'Twas I who was the April Fool!

April 2d, 1883.

THE TWO MEETINGS.

Ah, 'twas a glorious autumn night
  Full fifteen years ago,
The moon and stars were shining bright,
Bathing the hills in mystic light,
When robed in garb of snowy white,
My Ethel met me in the hall,
Responsive to my pleading call.

Now what did I or what did she
  The world shall never know;
Not e'en the moon nor stars could see
Of all the world most happy we;
Oh, 'twas an hour of ecstasy;
We pledged our loves and lives and all,
When Ethel met me in the hall.

Ah, well, we met again last night,
  ('Twas rather late, I trow);
Some how, I didn't feel just right,
(I may have been a little tight)
When clad in nightly robe of white
My Ethel met me in the hall
And braced me up against the wall.

Now what did I or what did she
I'm not prepared to show;
It may suffice to state that we
Had quite a little jubilee,
And I may say ('twixt you and me)
It is with pain that I recall
How Ethel met me in the hall.

February 24th, 1882.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

You asked me of your mother, child,
Your mother whose fair form is dust,
Whose soul is with the saints, I trust,
Why, as you asked me that and smiled,
Methought I saw in your young face
A sweet reflection of her grace.

Oh, she was nobly, grandly fair,
Her eyes were as the heaven's blue,
Her hair was of a golden hue,
Her ruby lips beyond compare,
O child, your mother in her day,
'Mongst beauties held the beauties' sway.

And was she gentle, child, as thou?
Why wrench the arrows in my heart,
Why bid the burning tear-drops start!
O child, methinks I see her now,
Waiting down by the wicket gate
As years agone she used to wait.

Why do I weep? Who would not weep,
To think of how she waited there
Till she could grip me by the hair
And in her wifely fashion sweep
The garden walk with my poor frame;
Patience was your sweet mother's name.

March 6th, 1882.

SYMPATHY.

The tears streamed from his swollen eyes,
His sunken cheeks were pale as death,
And as he wept, his fevered breath
Was broken into moans and sighs.
"O sorrowing, chastened one," I cried,
"Tell me thy grief that I may fill
Thine ears with pity." He replied,
"Alas, sweet sir, my wife is ill!"

Ah, then adown my bearded cheek
The burning tears began to roll,
And sympathy possessed my soul
To such extent I scarce could speak.
"Unhappy man," at last I said,
"God shield you from the bitterest blow
That e'er can fall on mortal head,
The loss of her you worship so!

"For oh! the dearest thing in life,
Vouchsafed to man from Heav'n above,
For him to cherish, is the love
Of one whom love hath made his wife."
"Nay," cried the man, "The howl I raise
Is not because I'm such a lover,
But oh! because the doctor says,
My wife is likely to recover!"

March 11th, 1882.

SO LONELY.

There's something in the good man's face,
  It is very rare to see,
On his brow is throned a certain grace,
  That tells us he is free.
Why these smiles and all this smirking,
  Where once there was a frown?
Oh, what strange influence is working?
  Ah, his wife is out of town!

He was ne'er disposed to cavil,
  And was limited in wealth,
And when he bade her travel,
  To the seashore for her health,
She said, "Won't you be lonely?"
  Then he mournfully looked down,
"I shall miss you, dearest, only,"
  And his wife went out of town!

Foolish woman, pray take warning,
  From these lines so sadly true;
Though he writes you every morning
  And swears he pines for you,
He's a giddy, giddy masher,
  And he's doing things up brown,
In a friskier way and rasher,
  Since his wife is out of town.

June 21st, 1882.

A GOLDEN HAIR.

Only a golden hair
  Found on my coat to-day,
Why should my lady stare,
Why wear an injured air,
  Why should she say,
"Love, we must sever,
Farewell, forever?"

Curse on that golden hair
  Found on my coat to-day!
However came it there,
By means of foul or fair,
  I cannot say;
But this, I know, alack!
My lady's hair is black!

January 3d, 1883.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR.

Only a woman's hair
  Binding the now to the past,
Only a single thread
  Too frail to last;
Only a woman's hair
  Threading a tear and a sigh,
Only a woman's hair
  Found to-day in the pie.

(Attributed to) W. B. Felker.

November 28th, 1882.

THE FIDDLER.

Flip! Zip! Tweedle dee dum,
Nimble fingers and pliant thumb;
Flip! Zip! Tweedle dee dee,
Why don't every one envy me?
Flip! Zip! Straight as a pin,
Fiddle nestling under my chin,
All the world's people,
  And all that you see,
Can never make aught
  But a fiddler of me.

(Attributed to) EMIL WOLFF.

November 28th, 1882.

TO THE MAY FLY OF THE ANGLER.

Thou art a frail and lovely thing,
  Engendered by the sun;
A moment only on the wing
  And thy career is done.

Thou sportest in the evening beam
  An hour—an age to thee—
In gayety above the stream
  Which soon thy grave must be.

Although thy life is like to thee,
  An atom—art thou not
Far happier than thou e'er couldst be
  If long life were thy lot?

For then deep pangs might wound thy breast,
  And make thee wish for death;
But as it is, thou'rt soon at rest,
  Thou creature of a breath.

TO MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.

There is a little bird that sings,
"Sweetheart!"
I know not what his name may be,
I only know his notes please me
As loud he sings, and this sings he,
"Sweetheart!"

I've heard him sing on soft spring days,
"Sweetheart!"
And when the sky was dark above,
And wintry winds had stripped the grove,
He still poured forth those words of love,
"Sweetheart!"

And like the bird my heart, too, sings,
"Sweetheart!"
When heaven is dark or bright or blue,
When trees are bare or leaves are new,
It thus sings on and sings of you
"Sweetheart!"

What need of other words than these,
"Sweetheart!"
If I should sing a whole year long,
My love would not be shown more strong
Than by this short and simple song,
"Sweetheart!"

November 2d, 1882.

THE FISHERMAN.

I was as proud a man and brave
  As ever sailed the sea,
For I was born upon the wave
  And it was home to me,
Till Jennie came and promise gave
  My faithful, bonnie bride to be.

Then were we wed and ere a year
  Like one sweet dream had sped,
A tiny angel doubly dear,
  A hallowed joylight shed
Around our hearthstone far and near,
  Our precious little golden head.

Oh those were happy times to me,
  When, floating with the tide
Back to the shore, I used to see
  Each night my bonnie bride
And little baby in her glee
  A playin' at her mother's side.

Aye, forty years! an' here am I
  A lowly fisher still.
I've drank the cup of misery
  Up to the very fill.
And they, they in the churchyard lie,
  Up yonder on the hill.

But oh! perhaps when I shall sail
That last cold ocean wide,
Mine eyes shall see, though fierce the gale,
My bonnie blue-eyed bride
Stand on the shore in yonder Leal,
With baby playin' at her side.

November 26th, 1882.

RAPTURE.

Fair sea, bright sunshine, bird of song divine,
I, too, may lose the tide, the light, the lay;
Others may win the kisses that were mine,
My night may be their day,
Yet though the soul may sigh
For precious things gone by,
I shall have had my rapture, come what may.

(Attributed to) W. H. Stapleton.

November 28th, 1882.

LOVE.

"Oh, Winter Land," he said,
"Thy right to be I own,
God leaves thee not alone,
And if the fierce winds blow
O'er thy wastes of rock and snow,
And at thy iron gates,
Thy ghostly iceberg waits,
Thy homes and hearts are dear,
God's love and man's are here.

"Thy sorrow o'er the sacred dust,
Is sanctified by hope and trust,
Still, whereso'er it goes,
Love makes its atmosphere;
Its flowers of Paradise,
Take root in the eternal ice,
And bloom through polar snows."

PARADISE.

Within each heart there lies apart
From all its cares and sorrows,
A paradise which knows no sighs,
A world of happy morrows;
A heaven of light, unknown to blight
Of winter, bleak and dreary,
Whose days are long and sweet with song,
Whose hours are never weary.

What matter though earth's pathways glow
No more with springtime gladness?
What if each June has flown too soon
And left a look of sadness?
No real love so true will prove,
No tones one half so tender,
No lips so pure as those which lure
The soul to visioned splendor.

November 27th, 1881.

MEMORIES.

Do you remember, Maud, that night
We stood together, you and I,
And watched the mystic points of light
That glittered in the vaulted sky?

A veiling cloud drew back, a beam
From one effulgent star above
Enwrapped us in its glorious gleam,
The golden glowing star of love.

Beneath the influence of that star
My soul within its prison burned,
Sweet Venus pushed the gates ajar
And then the sweets of love I learned.

(Attributed to) THOMAS M. BOWEN.

December 1st, 1882.

TRUE LOVE.

True love is like the ivy green,
That ne'er forgetteth what hath been,
And so till life itself be gone,
Until the end it clingeth on,
What though the tree where it may cling
Shall hardly know another spring?
What though its boughs be dead and bare?
The twining ivy climbeth there
And clasps it with a firmer hold,
With stronger love than that of old,
And lends it grace it never had
When time was young and life was glad.

(Attributed to) W. H. STAPLETON.

December 1st, 1882.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Though the bird flies far
  And the fair flower goes,
The sweet of the year
  Is set in the snows.

The wind o' the winter
  It breaks into bloom
And suddenly songs
  Are sung in the gloom.

And winging hearts cross
  And whisper together,
And a night and a day
  It is perfect weather.

February 10th, 1882.

A VALENTINE.

O, Princess, what shall I bring
To offer before thy throne?
For I know of no joyous thing
That is not already thine own.

Youth and beauty and love,
Desirest thou more than these?
Lo, from the skies above
And from far away mystical seas,

All things radiant and rare,
All things tender and sweet,
Hasten, O Princess fair,
To fall in delight at thy feet.

So, Princess, what shall I bring,
When low I bend at thy throne?
"My heart for an offering,"
E'en that has been long thine own.

February 14th, 1882.

THE VALENTINE.

My valentine's a page of gold,
Upon it by the morning light
I trace new hopes and fancies bright,
So sweetly is the story told,
That old, old story, yet so new,
A little song of love, a voice
That bids my faltering soul rejoice,
A promise to be ever true;
O love, sweet love, this honest heart
Unknown to coquetry or art,
Hath sworn fidelity to you.
And to my trustful heart I press
My valentine, with fond caress.

But still as sweetly as of old,
And now the long, long years have fled,
I read the treasure sheet of gold.
What tho' my love, alas! be dead
And as I read from yonder skies
An angel with a radiant crown
Comes to my lonely chamber down
And bids me dry my streaming eyes.
So in the soft declining day
I think of him who's far away,
Whose body in the churchyard lies.
And to my broken heart I press
My valentine with fond caress.

January 28th, 1882.

A NEW YEAR IDYL.

Upon this happy New Year night,
A roach crawls up my pot of paste,
And begs me for a tiny taste.
Aye, eat thy fill, for it is right
That while the rest of earth is glad,
And bells are ringing wild and free,
Thou shouldst not, gentle roachling, be
Forlorn and gaunt and weak and sad.

This paste tonight especially
For thee and all thy kind I fixed,
You'll find some whisky in it mixed,
For which you have to thank but me.
So freely of the banquet take,
And if you chance to find a drop
Of liquor, prithee do not stop
But quaff it for thy stomach's sake.

Why dost thou stand upon thy head,
All etiquette requirements scorning,
And sing "You won't go home till morning"
And "Put me in my litte Bed?"

Your tongue, fair roach, is very thick,
Your eyes are red, your cheeks are pale,
Your underpinning seems to fail,
You are, I wot, full as a tick.

Envoi.

I think I see that roach's home,
That roach's wife, with broom in hand,
That roach come staggering homeward and
Then all is glum and gloom and gloam.

January 2d, 1882.

JANUARY 1st, 1883.

If you're waking, call me early,
  Call me early, mother dear,
That I may be up and well prepared
  To welcome the new-born year;
Set the alarm at nine, mother,
  And call me at nine, my dear,
For I'm to receive this year, mother,
  I'm to receive this year.

Here are my striped hose, mother,
  Here are my ribbons gay,
Here are my lavender kids, mother,
  Here is my white pekay;
Here is my princess basque, mother,
  And here is the rest of the gear,
I'm so happy I cannot sleep, mother,
  For I'm to receive this year!

Have you got the jellies made, mother,
  Are all the sweetmeats fixed?
Are the punch and the nogg prepared, mother,
  And the champagne cocktails mixed?
I'm afraid there will be a hitch, mother,
  When the guests are gathering here,
I tremble and cannot sleep, mother,
  For I'm to receive this year.

JANUARY 1st, 1883.

Wake me early, mother dear,
  Set the alarm for nine,
For I'm to receive, you know, this year,
  Thanks to that San Juan mine;
And mother dear, let the lay-out be
  Decidedly recherche;
For once, I'm determined to be on top
  Of those Johnsons over the way,
So wake me early and don't forget
  The rush will begin at two;
And I'll be heartily glad, you bet,
  When the racket is fairly through!

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

'Twas but a month ago today,
'Twixt old year and the new,
I laid my pipe and pouch away,
No more to smoke or chew;
To round my resolutions fair,
And from all vices sever,
I vowed I nevermore would swear,
Not even hardly ever.

I felt so lonesome like, anon,
While pining for a smoke
That, brooding all my grief upon,
An oath was almost spoke;
An oath! when I had just foresworn
All words that vicious be!
Nay, rather than be tempted more,
Return, O pipe, to me!

And pondering on the habit vile
That threatened moral ruin,
I drifted with a bitter smile,
Back to my pouch and chewin';
So, of my resolutions, two
Have vanished in the air,
The third shall stick my lifetime through,
For, —— me, I'll not swear!

January 29th, 1883.

EASTER.

Arouse, O birds, the time is nigh
For omelettes and for poaches,
Lift up your anthem to the sky,
For Easter day approaches!

Awake, O Shanghais, slim and tall,
And Bantams short and squatty,
And Cochins towering over all,
And Games so fierce and haughty!

Awake, O Brahma Pootrah bird,
And rend the wintry shackles,
And let your kittycaws be heard,
Your crowings and your cackles!

Give us, O birds, a new-made lay,
Appropriate to the minute,
With nothing else, the shell away,
But what there should be in it!

Give us, O birds, so fair a lay
No groceryman may cozen,
A modest lay, once every day,
At living rates per dozen.

March 16th, 1883.

AN EASTER SERMON.

"I'm glad that Easter Sunday's here,"
  Said Mrs. Henry Gray;
"My bonnet new and other gear
  I'll wear to church today;
A vein of glory will pervade
  My hymn of praise and prayer,
For when my toilet is displayed,
  How Mrs. Bliss will stare!

"I hate that horrid Mrs. Brown,
  With all her quirks and smiles,
Of all the women in the town
  She apes the coarsest styles;
She bought her bonnet 'way last spring
  And wears it now for new,
And as for that old Thompson thing,
  I vow I hate her, too!

"I hear Miss Jones, the cross-eyed cat!
  Has bought a new pekay,
And terra cotta Paris hat
  To wear to church today;
And Helen White has got a dress
  They say is just divine,
Come, Mr. Gray, and do you guess
  It's half as sweet as mine?

"There go those awful Billings girls,
They paint and powder, too,
They pad and wear cheap bangs and curls,
They do—I know they do!
You needn't laugh—I boldly say
And stake my honor on it—
I'll paralyze them all today
With my new dress and bonnet!"

March 19th, 1883.

SPRING.

The meads with green are garnished o'er,
The birds sing in the bowers,
And from the Broad Platte's further shore
We scent the budding flowers;
Fair Cherry creek runs swift and clear,
The merry woodchucks drum—
O, season of the poet dear!
The picnic days have come.

The season of the year sublime,
When nature tunes her voice—
O happy vernal picnic time
When Sunday schools rejoice;
When little girls and boys go out
'Neath sylvan monarchs old,
And gaily dance and frisk about
And catch their deaths o' cold.

When sandwiches and buns are ripe—
Croquet and other games,
When stomach aches of every stripe
Steal over youthful frames,
When Chloe guards with watchful eyes
Her lover—jealous maid!
When Daphnis sits on custard pies
And prones where kine have strayed.

April 17th, 1882.

MAY.

I love the May because it seems to me
So full of secrets and of whisperings;
Telling the heart in confidence of things,
Yet unaccomplished and mysteriously,
Like a fleet harbinger of victory,
With glowing, undefined prefigurings,
Reveals an opulence of spoils; and brings
A present joy in what is yet to be.

How like the far-off ringing of a chime,
  The soft south wind; and each succeeding day,
Moved by this prelude of a sunnier clime,
  Sings a new song and finds a theme more gay.
It is a gay, it is a hopeful time,
  And this is why I love the month of May.

THANKSGIVING, 1881.

Last March my mine panned out a fraud—
  My wife eloped in May—
A fire broke out and burned my barn
  And all the stacks of hay.
The hoppers cleaned my garden out—
  My cows took sick and died—
The horses got the pink-eye bad
  And dropped on every side.

The bank suspended all at once—
  The rust got in the rye—
A cyclone tore the wheatfield up—
  And all the wells went dry;
The chickens sickened with the pip,
  The hired girl ran off—
The children one by one took down
  With croup and whooping cough.

And yet despite this luck, I went
  Down to the grocery store
And for a turkey gobler paid
  My last two dollars o'er.
I thought I'd kind o' celebrate
  Thanksgiving. 'Pon my word,
A tramp broke in the house last night
  And stole the plaguey bird.

November 21st, 1881.

THE APPROACH OF THANKSGIVING.

There is a dawning in the sky
Which doth a world of fate imply,
And on each casual passing face
A look expectant you may trace.
These signs the veteran turkey sees
  And with a deep and mournful sigh,
  He calls his numerous family nigh
And murmurs, pointing to the trees,
"Roost high, my little ones, roost high!"

November 13th, 1882.

A GLORIOUS FOURTH.

A Denver patriot, proud and grand,
  Leaned up against a bar—elate
And lordlike, waved his graceful hand,
And ordered goodly cocktails, and
  Talked of the "Day we Celebrate."

"Oh, when we recollect," said he,
  "Old Bunker Hill and Lundy's Lane,
We drink, our patriot dead, to thee!"
And singing thus of liberty,
  He bids 'em "set 'em up again."

His eyes beheld poor Warren bleed,
  While British lords supined at ease,
And Putnam, fresh from rural mead,
Dash down a bank on foaming steed,
  And, "one more cocktail, if you please."

He spoke of Valley Forge and those
  Who, hatless, bootless, in the snow,
Stood guard while old Boreas froze
Their patriotic ears and toes,
  "Another glass? Well, here goes!"

He talked of Allen, Wayne and Lee,
And ancient heroes by the score,
Of Boston harbor and the tea,
And tea reminded him that he
Inclined to liquidate once more.

What wonder then that, quaffing to
The memory of those martyred dead,
E'en as they lost their dear lives through
Their love of land so staunch and true,
This Denver man should lose his head!

Before another bar today
That Denver man will stand;
O Judge, be merciful, we pray,
And let him go his rocky way
To bless the freedom of our land!

July 5th, 1883.

O TEMPORA; A FOURTH OF JULY REFLECTION.

Oh, would I were inspired to sing,
  In lofty, sole un-metered rhyme,
The glory of some valorous thing
  That happened in the olden time.
Alas, that patriotism's dead!
  Alas, that creatures of today
Are not as man upon whose head
Sweet patriotism's beams were shed
    An hundred years ago.
      Ah woe
'Tis not these times that way!

My theme's the dog, a pleasant cur
  As ever trotted down the street,
Yellow his eyes, likewise his fur,
  As mild a dog as you could meet
In a day's walk—but dogs today
  Are not the dogs you used to find
Before brave Towsers had gi'en place
To a degenerate canine race,
    An hundred years ago.
      Oh no,
They are of the common kind.

Why, in the days of Washington,
Where was the dog that thought to pale
At the suggestion he should run
A mile or two with his proud tail
Made fast unto an oyster can?
Why, that was simply glory then!
But now the dog's ashamed to drag
The can; and man forgets the flag.
An hundred years ago.
Not so,
So changed are dogs and men!

See how the dogling of today
Writhes, shies and tumbles to and fro
Adown the hot and dusty way,
And hark unto his yelp of woe
His broken hearted, plaintive cry,
Because a pail is to him tied!
Was it for this our fathers died
An hundred years ago?
No no!
But time hath changed us all.

July 4th, 1882.

THE FIFTH OF JULY.

Sing not of patriots who are dead,
The yankee sires long passed away,
Bind up his throbbing, aching head
And sing the patriots of today!

Nor Washington, nor Lee nor Wayne,
E'er suffered pain as suffered they,
Pain in the head, in stomach pain,
These gallant patriots of today!

Not he who fills a soldiers' grave,
Who drove the British hordes away,
Who life and fortune freely gave,
Not he is patriot, we say.

But he who celebrates the Fourth,
As all good men at present do,
And then endures the after clap,
He is the patriot brave and true!

The aching head, the stomach sour,
The dark brown taste, the trembling knees,
Oh, what are Revolution gore
And Revolution pangs to these!

July 5th, 1882.

THE WARRIOR.

Under the window is a man,
  Playing an organ all the day,
Grinding as only a cripple can,
  In a moody, vague, uncertain way.

His coat is blue and upon his face
  Is a look of highborn, restless pride,
There is somewhat about him of martial grace
  And an empty sleeve hangs at his side.

"Tell me, warrior bold and true,
  In what carnage, night or day,
Came the merciless shot to you,
  Bearing your good, right arm away?"

Fire dies out in the patriot's eye,
  Changed my warrior's tone and mien,
Choked by emotion he makes reply,
  "Kansas—harvest—threshing machine!"

April 1st, 1882.

THE SURVIVOR.

In August, Nineteen Fifty-two,
A hero old and gray,
Who, years before had worn the blue
In many a gory fray,
Received the homage of his land
For deeds of valor done,
For he remained of all his band,
The last surviving one.

Our children's children's children swept
From hillside and from plain,
And, crowding 'round the old man, wept
To hear him tell again
The stories he so loved to tell—
Of battles lost and won—
How armies rose and cities fell
And great exploits were done.

One arm was lost in Tennessee,
Another in Missouri,
And then a third while fighting Lee
With patriotic fury;
Another still at Corinth went—
What cares he for his arms
While his beloved land was rent
With war and war's alarms.

One leg in old Kentucky lay—
A second leg lost he
As merrily he limped away
With Sherman to the Sea.
What were two legs for him to lose,
On fields that reeked with gore?
He laughed away his fit of blues,
And lost a dozen more.

Of Richmond and the Wilderness
The hero loved to tell—
Ten thousand battles more or less,
The counterparts of hell;
Of dying men and women's tears,
And graves no one shall know—
Traditions of the dreadful years—
The years of long ago.

Ah! though we now derisive smile,
Our children's children then
Will, wondering, hear his stories while
They bless this best of men;
And when his life at last is o'er
God grant *His* blessings too—
For he was one of those who wore
The dear, the glorious blue.

July 24th, 1883.

THE MILITIAMAN.

He revels in scenes of blood and gore,
Where the terrible bomb is hurled;
He slaughters the foe and he calls for more,
And he wears his mustache curled.

All into the midst of the fight he flies,
Where the smoke makes sunlight dusk;
He loves to listen to dying cries,
His favorite scent is musk.

His sabre gleams like a shooting star,
He is full of martial oaths;
His constant talk is of blood and war,
He wears ten-dollar clothes.

January 22d, 1882.

THE KANSAS VETERAN.

The old man's face was creased with care
And drooping was his head—
"Why have you such a languid air
On this proud day," we said.
"Alas, I am a Kansas man"—
"No more," we joyous cried,
"To Kansas and the Kansas men,
Our doors are open wide.

"Our hearts are widely open too,
For Kansas in the fight,
And Kansas men all wore the blue
And battled for the right;
So welcome, veteran, to our arms
And to our hearthstones, too,
Now tell us of the war's alarms
And bloody times you knew.

"And do you on your body bear
Grim-visaged ghastly scars?
And do you on your person wear
The finger-prints of wars?
Oh, tell us sir that we and ours
May bless you brave and true,
Who in our country's darkest hours
Marched forth and donned the blue."

The Kansas veteran smiled a smile
And o'er the counter bent,
And quaffed a deep libation while
We gazed in wonderment.
"I come from Kansas," with a sigh
He then went on to tell,
"I am no soldier man, but I
Have garden truck to sell."

July 24th, 1883.

Western Verse.

Western Verse.

FORMERLY OF KANSAS.

Is it you, old pard, with your whitened hair
  An' your rugged beard laid on your breast,
And your pale eyes sot in a deathly stare,
  That's taking your last and lonely rest
    'Mid the snow-capped Rockies?

I knowed him, sir, when his eyes was clear,
  When his face was smooth as a smilin' girl's,
When his limbs was as fleet as the frightened deer,
  When his head was covered with nut-brown curls,
    'Twas a long, long time ago.

He was with Jim Lane, a han'some lad,
  And we done our likeliest—him and me—
An' it's many a narrer chance we had
  Along the border, but what cared we,
    In them days down in Kansas!

When the war came on, then me and Jim
  Saddled our horses and rode away,
And fit for the Union—me and him—
  Till all unsullied out o' the fray
    We come with Kansas.

Is it you, old pard, with your frosted hair,
  An' your crawny beard swep' down your breast,
An' your brave eyes fixed in a ghastly stare,
  That has laid down here on the icy crest
    O' the snow-capped Rockies?

S'posin' we hide his furrowed face
  Under that yonder moanin' pine;
And on the stone that marks the place,
  We'll carve naught else but the simple line,
    "Formerly of Kansas."

March 10th, 1883.

THE PIONEER.

Fill up your glass, O comrade true,
With sparkling wine that cheers,
And let us drink a bumper to
The sturdy pioneers;
The honest men, the women fair,
Who, years and years ago,
Had steady hearts and heads to dare
Deeds we may never know
Nor page in history show!

They had their uses then, and now
They have their uses too,
For oh! they live to tell us how
In eighteen sixty-two
The summer was the hottest time
That ever scorched our state,
And then, with earnestness sublime,
They hasten to relate
Tales vast to contemplate;

And speak of bitter wintry woe!
Why, mercy sakes alive!
There fell a fifteen foot of snow
In eighteen sixty-five!
Three foot of water in the Platte
Was frozen ten foot thick,
And, seeming not content with that,
Each man and wife and chick
With rheumatiz took sick!

And should we smile? The years gone by
With martyr lives are strewn;
We're gaily treading, you and I,
The path which they have hewn,
Hewn from the desert and the mine,
Posterity to cheer,
Let's toast them in the sparkling wine,
Drink to the mem'ries dear!
Drink to the pioneer!

January 29th, 1883.

ATMOSPHERIC DECEPTION.

The shades of night were falling fast
As through the streets of Denver pass'd
An Englishman who raised on high
This feeble but suggestive cry,
"The Foothills."

He queried of a man he met
"How far unto the foothills yet?"
The man looked up and deeply sighed,
"Some thirty miles, sir," he replied,
"To them Foothills."

The Englishman in spirit groaned,
"Well, I'll be blowed," he sadly moaned;
"It must be in the atmosphere,
It don't look more'n a mile from here
To the Foothills."

Next morning on the blistered ground
The corse of that poor wretch was found,
From Denver thirty miles away,
And still as far again, they say,
From the Foothills.

August 12th, 1881.

A COLORADO SAND STORM.

See the madly blowing dust,
Oh! the dust!
How it revels in the gust,
How it covers with a crust
Of tenacious, gritty must
Ev'ry object in the street.
It is monarch of us all
When it rises up, we fall,
When it comes,
When it hums,
Ev'ry kind of business flags,
Ev'ry branch of business lags,
And it gags
As it snags
Ev'ry class of trade afloat.
It is death to eyes and throat,
For it kills
As it fills
Ev'ry eye and ev'ry throat,
Oh, the dust, dust, dust!
Yet it's useless to complain,
Intercessions are in vain,

But it's far from being just
We should suffer so with dust,
Since the city is not bust,
Oh, the dust,
It is here, it is there,
It is flying everywhere!
How it permeates the air!
Oh, the dust!
How it's cuss'd.

November 6th, 1882.

THE DROUTH.

The meads are parched, the earth is hot,
The sun is blazing in the sky,
The brooks that babbled once are dry,
Dead are the flowers, or drooping sick,
The fragrant flowers we loved to pick,
The pansy and forget-me-not.

The kine are panting in the glade,
The cowboy sweats in angry mood,
Because his flocks can find no food;
The lambs in helpless misery
Loll on the baked and dusty lea,
And vainly pine for drink and shade.

And in this city, once our pride,
We see what ne'er before was seen,
Our trees no longer fresh and green;
The grass is withered up and dead,
And by the fire which burns o'erhead,
Each irrigating ditch is dried.

Boreas, from thy arctic cave,
Blow up a cool, refreshing gale!
Bring Zephyrus and Hesp'rus, too,
Each bearing hail and rain and dew,
The liquid element we crave.

Or else this Colorado plain,
Once green with verdure will be turned
Into a desert, bleached and burned;
This fairy portal to the hills,
Once watered by a thousand rills,
Will fade away through dearth of rain!

January 10th, 1882.

WINTER IN COLORADO.

The snow lies deep upon the ground,
  The birds sing sweetly in the trees,
The scent of roses all around
  Is borne upon the icy breeze.

Upon each irrigating stream,
  The skating youth indulge in play,
While women folks, like fairies, beam
  In summer hats and white pekay.

The plumber taps the pipe that's froze,
  And tears up ceiling, side and floor,
While round about the ice-man goes
  And leaves his chattels at our door.

This man with frozen hands and feet
  Is hurried off and put to bed;
Another, prostrate by the heat,
  Wears cabbage leaves upon his head.

Thus speeds the winter in our state
  A batch of contradictions rude;
And we assign our varying fate
  To this peculiar altitude.

November 3d, 1881.

DECEMBER, 1881.

Up to the blue and cloudless skies,
That bend from east to western peaks,
And have not changed for weary weeks,
I vainly turn my anxious eyes.
And in those skies I see the glow,
Of summer or of wakening spring,
Their smiling countenances bring
No faint suspicion e'en of snow.

Upon the soft and balmy air
I hear the birdling's joyful trill,
And by the purling mountain rill
The flowers are blooming sweet and fair.
The buds are bursting on the trees,
The blades of grass begin to start,
And oh, I feel it in my heart,
There isn't going to be a freeze!

Why is it I alone am sad
When all the rest of earth is gay?
Why do I weep my soul away
While other women folks are glad?
Alas, mine is a bitter life,
My only hope, my only trust,
Is in a freeze, or in a bust,
I am an humble plumber's wife.

December 29th, 1881.

TO AN UNDERSHIRT.

Thou thing of ruddy, rosy redness, hail!
With all thy prickly fuss to irritate,
For thou dost laugh defiance at the gale
That fain would shake
And with its bluster quake
Our corporosities well girt,
By thy delights that militate
'Gainst every ill, O flannel undershirt.

We choose thee red before we do thee white,
Not that the red is warmer or more fair,
Not that the red is comlier to sight,
But spite of dust
And coal and smoke and must,
The red defies appearances of dirt;
So then we choose thee red and wear
Thee next our hearts, O goodly undershirt!

A WILD WESTERN PROTEST.

A Boston scholar roundly swears
By all the gods above, below,
That we must put on modern airs
And let our Greek and Latin go.
Forbid, O Fate, we loud implore,
A dispensation harsh as that;
What! wipe away the sweets of yore,
The dear "amo, amas, amat!"

The sweetest hour the student knows
Is not when pouring over French
Or twisted in Teutonic throes
Upon a hard collegiate bench;
'Tis when on roots and kais and gars
He feeds his soul and feels it glow,
Or, when his muse transcends the stars
With "Zoa mou, sas agapo!"

So give our bright, ambitious boys
An inkling of these pleasures, too,
A little smattering of the joys
Their dead and buried fathers knew;
And let them sing, while glorying, that
Their sires so sang long years ago,
The songs, "Amo, amas, amat,"
And "Zoa mou, sas agapo."

July 6th, 1883.

UTAH.

Bowed was the old man's snow-white head,
A troubled look was on his face,
"Why come you, sir," I gently said,
"Unto this solemn burial place?"

"I come to weep a while for one
Whom in her life I held most dear,
Alas, her sands were quickly run,
And now she lies a sleeping here."

"Oh, tell me of your precious wife,
For she was very dear, I know,
It must have been a blissful life
You led with her you treasure so?"

"My wife is moldering in the ground,
In yonder house she's spinning now,
And lo! this moment may be found
A driving home the family cow;

"And see, she's standing at the stile,
And leans from out the window wide,
And loiters on the sward awhile,
Her forty babies by her side."

"Old man, you must be mad!" I cried,
"Or else you do but jest with me;
How is it that your wife has died
And yet can here and living be?

"How is it while she drives the cow
She's hanging out her window wide,
And loiters, as you said just now,
With forty babies by her side?"

The old man raised his snowy head,
"I have a sainted wife in heaven;
I am a Mormon, sir, he said,
"My sainted wife on earth are seven."

March 10th, 1882.

WUN LUNG AND GIN SLING.

On the gentle Wun Lung had Dame Nature bestowed
All physical charms in great wealth,
'Twas first out in 'Frisco she made her abode
But she came to our town for her health.

The genial Gin Sling kept a laundrying shop,
The which entered Wun Lung one day,
Beholding whom, Sling's heart went flippety-flop,
And in turn Lung's heart went the same way.

In the blandest of voices he said, "Be my bride
And I'll load you with kindness and wealth,"
Wun Lung hung her head and with blushes replied,
"Wasn't marriage she wanted but health."

"O, pigeon toed beauty, with hair like the night
And eyes that for brightness excel
The glow of the stars, it would be my delight
To make you both happy and well.

"You shall sing while I wash; while I iron, you sleep,
And the doctor shall call thrice a day,
And I as your husband and lover will keep
Every care and vexation away."

Well, she married Gin Sling, and as to the rest
Of our story! What else could it be
Than she does the washing—that's easily guessed,
While the sleeping and singing does *he!*

February 18th, 1882.

THE COLORADO SPRINGS BELLE.

In Colorado Springs did dwell
Once on a time a dashing belle,
Whose name was Hannah Hunniwell,
A blooming, buxom lass was she,
And she was sweet as sweet could be,
So all the fellows did agree;
But Hannah Hunniwell was vain,
That fact, alas! was all too plain,
For Hannah laid uncommon stress
Upon the vanity of dress—
A weakness of her sex, we guess.
She had a lovely sealskin sacque
That often graced her comely back,
And sealed her doom at last, alack!
For when the wintry winds did blow,
Prognosticating ice and snow,
Unto her trunk did Hannah go
And straight she hauled the sealskin out,
And with premonitory flout,
She put the noisome moths to rout.

"Now blow, ye winds," quoth Hannah gay,
"So long as in my sacque I may
Go gallivanting all the day!"

Alas, the poor, misguided child!
The sun appeared, the tempest wild
Was lulled into a zephyr mild,
Then Hannah waxed uncommon pale
And wailed a great and grievous wail
To see her pet ambition fail.
Much to her family's dismay,
She stayed at home day after day,
And as she stayed, she pined away,
And still the weather milder grew,
The gentle south wind balmy blew,
And warmed the people through and through;
And while all other folks were glad,
Poor Hannah Hunniwell was sad,
Or what was sadder yet, was mad,
And so one calm, soft eventide,
She pressed her sealskin to her side,
And with a hollow sob, she died!

The chattering gossips love to tell
The fate of that vain foolish belle.
Who loved her sealskin sacque too well.

A KANSAS CITY ECHO.

I sing of beauty and the swell,
Who loved not wisely, but too well,
The old, old story.
She was a farmer's belle, in truth,
And he an operatic youth
In tights and glory.

Their love was not unmixed with pain,
The lady's brother had a vein
Of humor merry.
He found, by chance, a billet-doux,
And, smiling, quoth: "This youth is too
Preliminary."

With that he sought the trysting spot,
The air was comfortably hot,
Begetting dizziness,
And just at hand a fair array
Of clubs and other missiles lay,
In case of business.

But why prolong the tale of woe,
Of how he interviewed that beau,
In sport athletic;
And bore upon him like a gust,
And trailed his lithe form in the dust,
Unsympathetic?

No more will this fair maid, they say,
Pursue the tenor of her way
In delectation;
No hope has he to ring the belle,
Which only sounds for him a knell
Of separation.

August 16th, 1881.

CUPID AT MANITOU.

I've been at the Springs for a merrisome while—
And oh, need I tell you the rest?—
Why my soul lights mine eyes with an eloquent smile,
As a little bird sings in my breast!
Her face, like the lilies, is modest and fair,
And her orbs with an ecstasy glow,
And cute little bangs straggle out of her hair—
She's a darling young belle from St. Joe.

We met on the foothills—the usual way—
I was hungry and footsore and weak,
But my pangs disappeared like the night before day,
And the hot blushes mantled my cheek.
Ah, it's many a maiden with radiance rare,
I've met in my walks to and fro,
But with never a maid that presumed to compare,
With the beauteous young belle of St. Joe.

I am going to Leadville to print and to write,
With a little bird's song in my breast,
But I'll hie to the Springs every Saturday night
And woo that sweet bird in her nest.
'Neath the glorious stars and the sad visaged moon,
While the zephyrs are whispering low,
I will sit in the soughing and gloaming and spoon—
Oh, I'm mashed on the belle of St. Joe.

(Attributed to) C. C. Davis.

August 16th, 1881.

THE BROWN TRAGEDY.

Old Obadiah Goshen Brown
Not many years ago,
Owned half a Massachusetts town—
Was awful rich, you know;
And being somewhat sick and blue,
He thought he'd visit Manitou.

Arrived and fairly settled there
With all his traps and things,
He praised the clear and bracing air,
Likewise the Soda Springs,
And feeling frisky, quoth "I think
I'll to the bar and buy a drink."

Alas when came the time to pay
For that small drink, poor Brown
Saw all his fortune fade away—
His bonds, his stock, his town,
His bank account and all the rest
Of earthly pelf that he possessed.

He signed a quit-claim to it all
Then to the foothills hied—
"I will complete my dreadful fall
By perishing," he cried.
With that he made a fatal pitch
Into an irrigating ditch.

August 23d, 1881.

THE CACTUS.

"Bring me, my love, at twilight hour,
Some token of your love," she said,
"Which shall its fragrance 'round me shed,
A little boon, a tiny flower."

Oh, had my sweetheart asked me more,
I had not groaned as then I groaned,
I had not moaned as then I moaned,
My heartstrings had not pulled me sore.

For, oh! I see on every hand
Nor roses, violets of blue,
Nor daffodils of varied hue,
Only a vast expanse of sand!

Alas, and not a flower I see
Upon this Colorado plain,
I sigh and sigh and sigh again,
"My love can have no flow'r from me."

Stay, yonder is a modest sprout,
A cactus in the barren soil,
She hath contrived by sturdy toil
To spread her shrivelled roots about.

What better token of my faith,
  Could I unto my lady bear
  Than that maimed foundling sprouting there,
That spawn of vegetation's wraith?

My love is like a cactus plant,
  Elsewhere weak loves may bud and bloom,
  But in this wild, this sandy tomb,
Mine be the sturdy love, God grant.

THE TWO SLEEPERS.

I know two sleepers, one is there
  In yonder house on yonder street,
She is my lady, fine and fair,
  And she is lost in slumber sweet;
In dreams she dreams perhaps of me,
  This sleeper whom I love so well,
And wonder where her love may be,
  Sweet dream! I pri' thee do not tell!

The other sleeper is at rest,
  Near yonder chair upon the floor,
White is its smooth and pulseless breast,
  It represents six bits or more.
By whom 'twas dropped, I cannot say,
  But, lest its owner woo it back,
Please, partner, kick it round this way,
  That I may nip it for my stack.

May 21st, 1883.

DEATH OF THE COW-BOY.

How strong the cow-boy is in death,
  How strives he with the reaper grim!
  How writhes each sturdy, supple limb,
What life is in each dying breath!
His eyes have still the haughty gleam,
  The flash of mingled pride and scorn,
  They had at early yester' morn,
  When he saw us and we saw him,
Come plunging through the swollen stream
  And drive his heifers from our corn.

Oh, who hath done this dreadful deed,
  Hath in an evil moment slain
  This dashing hero of the plain,
This idol of the mount and mead?
Oh, hath some jealous Indian chief
  Waylaid this warrior of the ranch?
  Or hath some envious churl, perchance,
  Conceiving honest combat vain,
Wrought all this tragedy and grief,
  By shooting ere he could advance?

He died as cowboys died before;
A bottle struck him on the head,
He tottered, stumbled, fell and bled
A quart or two upon the floor.
'Twas Biddy Looney struck the blow
That caught him just above the ear,
He'd kissed her once and called her dear
And then (in sorrow breathe it low)
He'd scorned her pleading cry for beer!

December 10th, 1881.

PIKE'S PEAK'S PHILOSOPHIC BURRO.

I stood upon the peak amid the air—
  Below me laid the peopled, living earth;
Life, life and life again was everywhere,
  And everywhere was melody and mirth,
Save on that Peak and silence brooded there.
I vaunted there myself and half aloud
  I gloried in the victory I had won,
Forsaking earth and earth's bewildering crowd
  I'd climbed the steeps, despite the rocks and sun
It was a feat that really made me proud!

And as I brooded thus my burro brayed;
  I turned, a tear was in the creature's eye,
And as I looked, methought the burro said,
  "What brought you up, good sir, this mountain high?
Was it your legs or mine the journey made?
There is no peak as high and steep as Fame's,
  And there be many on its very height,
Who strut in pride and vaunt their empty claims,
  While those who toiled with sturdy, honest might
And placed them there, have unremembered names!"

December 1st, 1881.

THE MUSTANG.

A cow-boy o'er the prairie wide,
Upon a mustang staunch and true,
Thro' cacti, wet with morning dew,
In search of roving cattle hied.

Of all the cow-boys, fierce and wild,
The fiercest, wildest boy was he,
And as he skimmed the dusty lea,
He looked like nature's petted child.

Far out across the weary plain,
He cast his eager, flashing eye,
And saw a heifer, lean and spry,
Fast heading towards a field of grain.

Into his foaming mustang's side
He plunged his spur, and with a moan
The mustang bucked, despite the groan,
"Ha, ha! Ho, ho!" the cow-boy cried.

Again it bucked—this time with care—
And ere that cow-boy guessed the cause
Or knew where in the world he was,
He shot into the startled air!

The probabil'ties are, we ween,
He's still going up or coming down,
For ne'er in country or in town
Has that there cow-boy since been seen.

And that was eighteen months ago.
The mustang waits upon the plain
For his belov'd to drop again
And give him just another show.

November 5th, 1881.

TO EMMA ABBOTT.

Before thou camest, O creature fair,
  The stars were diamonds in the sky,
  Yet now, at night, ah, tell me why
I see no stellar diamonds there?

Before thou camest the pretty trees
  Coquetted with the gentle kiss
  Of zephyrs; now they seem to miss
The dalliance of the amorous breeze.

Before thou camest, the western sky
  Was all aflame with golden light,
  And now, I wot, perpetual night
Hath mantled o'er the realm on high.

Before thou camest, on yonder hill
  The lark sang sweetly to his mate;
  And now, in vain we watch and wait
To see his flight and hear his trill.

The stars are jealous of thine eyes,
  The lark is jealous of thy song,
  Thy glorious hair, so fair and long,
Hath waked the envy of the skies.

The wanton zephyrs love to kiss
The rosy velvet of thy cheek,
And blushes play at hide and seek
With them, what ecstasy is this!

Ah, with the music of thy voice,
The wondrous beauty of thy grace,
Make this thy lasting living place,
Thy country's pride, our people's choice!

September 6th, 1881.

EMMA ABBOTT'S BABY.

Thy skin is of a scarlet hue,
  Thou hast a shadow of a rose,
Thine eyes are milk and water blue,
  Ten tiny dimples are thy toes.
Why wrinklest thou thy fuzzy face?
  Why squirmest thou, as if in pain?
Has some sharp pin got out of place,
  That thou dost whoop thy wild refrain?

Thou smellest like a pan of clabber,
  And squallest like an hungry calf;
And yet they understand thy jabber,
  Thy mother and her meaner half.
And yet, perhaps, the time will be,
  When thou shalt fill a lofty place,
A tenor soaring up to C,
  But just at present you are bass.

(Attributed to) W. H. Bush.

September 8th, 1881.

TABOR AND ABBOTT.

The Opera House—a union grand
Of capital and labor—
Long will the stately structure stand,
A monument to Tabor.

And as to Emma, never will
Our citizens cease lovin' her,
While time lasts shall her name be linked
With that of the ex-Governor.

Because of its grand Opera House,
Our city's much elated,
And happy is the time that Em
The structure dedicated.

For many a year and many a year
Our folks will have the habit
Of lauding that illustrious pair
Tabor and Emma Abbot.

(Attributed to) R. W. Woodbury.

September 8th, 1881.

EMMA ABBOTT'S KISS.

To the capable critic it's clear,
That Abbott's a daisy Lucia,
  But somehow we miss
  That world renowned kiss
And that harvest of hugging, oh, dear!

September 8th, 1881.

THE SMILE AND BIRD.

Once on a time St. Peter wept—
And Peter's tears are tears of worth—
Because while he awearied slept,
A smile slipped out from Heaven to earth.

Moreover, had a heavenly bird—
Of all the birds in realms on high
The sweetest songster ever heard—
Eluded Peter's dozing eye.

"Alas, alas!" St. Peter cried
In tones that spoke his anguish sore,
"Where have my precious treasures hied
That I enjoy their sweets no more?"

Hush blessed Saint! They're with us here—
That heavenly smile is Abbott's face,
And with its influences near,
We'll feel and own its heavenly grace.

And that dear bird, which, loved the best,
Made angels joyous with its note,
Hath found a home and built a nest
In charming Abbott's beauteous throat.

Smile on, O smile! Sing on, O bird!
We know—we feel thy heavenly worth!
The smile that's seen and song that's heard
Make second heaven of our earth.

September 8th, 1881.

EMMA ABBOTT.

The murmur of some waterfall,
  Heard far adown some sylvan way,
  Where southern winds and flowers play
And grasses wave and sweet birds call;

The vague, strange voices of the night,
  That send their sombre echoes through
  The fragrant paths, adamp with dew,
To meet the fresher morning light;

The plaint of waves, the rustling leaves,
  The fresh, sweet music of the trees
  When the tone master of the breeze
A newer, sweeter number weaves;

The tender tones of grass and flowers,
  The melody of sun and sky,
  The dear old story, that won't die,
Of summer sounds and summer hours;

Sweet are they, yet more sweetly thrills
  Thy clear, strong notes, that hold them all,
  The murmur of the waterfall,
The sea, the flowers, the birds, the hills.

September 11th, 1881.

JOSEPH WILSON.

Joseph Wilson—half past one—
Hanky-panky—lots of fun.

"Cash my chips—got to go—
Baby may be sick, you know."

Boys all make a dreadful kick,
Want to have the General stick.

All in vain—adieux are said—
Quits about six bits ahead.

St. James Hotel—half past two—
General in an awful stew.

Found the baby wide awake
With an awful stomach ache.

With the baby in his arms,
Filled with harrowing alarms,

Sweating, too, at every pore,
Joseph Wilson walks the floor,

Thinks of Hanky-panky then,
Wishes he were back again.

January 22d, 1883.

RETURN OF THE EDITORS.

How changed they are in form and face
Since last we saw them take the train
Bound for a distant naughty place
Beyond the river, hill and plain.

Why, then they were as fresh and gay
As lambkins frisking on the lea,
But as we welcome them to-day
We wonder how such change can be.

Their eyes are sunken, bleared and red,
Their cheeks are ghastly, pale as death,
Their lips are bloodless as the dead,
A dark brown odor is their breath.

They totter for they cannot walk,
They grimace, for they cannot smile,
They sputter (for they cannot talk)
Like dreary mental wrecks the while.

Was it for this we sent our pride,
Our brilliant Colorado Press,
Down to the lake's tumultuous side
For sucker waters to caress?

We gave them men, and lo! we find
  They send us back a driveling crew,
Sans all they had of meat and mind,
  And oh! what's worse, sans money, too.

A MEXICAN BALLAD.

There was a Greaser bold and staid,
  Don Gomez del Gomazza,
Who loved a gentle Greaser maid,
  The Donna Frontpiazza.

Don Gomez rode a mustang proud,
  And wore a bloody slasher,
Of all the gallus Greaser crowd,
  He was the giddiest masher.

Don Gomez once was tempted sore,
  Despite of law and order,
To glut his greedy thirst for gore
  And cross the Texas border.

"So fare you well, wee lady fair,
  The pretty little Donna;"
In vain she tore her raven hair,
  Her Gomez was a goner.

Then hied he to the Rio Grande
  With Yankee hordes to battle;
He crossed into the promised land
  And went to stealing cattle.

And then with more than royal pluck,
He did his pleasing duty,
And, meeting with uncommon luck,
He started home with booty.

But oh! the Yankees fierce and strong,
While marching out to battle
Beheld Don Gomez come along
Adriving them there cattle.

They gathered in the festive steers,
And snagged the gallus Greaser,
And with a round of hoots and jeers
They hanged him to a tree, sir.

Loud wailed the Greaser maiden fair,
The Donna Frontpiazza,
Once more she tore her maiden hair
For Gomez del Gomazza.

February 12th, 1882.

A SPANISH FANDANGO.

Around the sawdust ring there rode
A comely circus rider,
Alfonso's cheeks with pleasure glowed
Whenever he espied her.

In sooth he owned he was no churl
And couldn't see the harm in
Tomfooling with this pretty girl—
The Senorita Carmen.

"The queen I fear is up to snuff—
I pri' thee don't defy 'er,"
Advised a certain courtier gruff—
Don Jesus H. Maria.

Alas the king was gone too far
For sober second thinking—
He tipped the girl a tra-la-la
With multifarious winking.

Then did the queen, Alfonso's bride,
Wax straightway hot as fire,
And call the courtier to her side—
Don Jesus H. Maria.

"Oh, take me from this dreadful place,"
The lady 'gan to bellow,
"I'll look no more upon his face—
The horrid, nasty fellow!"

"But stay, woman, the king hath eyes,
And cannot help admire,"
In palliation then replies
Don Jesus H. Maria.

But no, she was of stubborn mind,
So scorning "ifs" and "maybes",
And leaving king and court behind,
She sloped with both her babies.

Then made the court a vast ado—
Loud wailed the royal sire—
And long repined the courtier, too,
Don Jesus H. Maria.

July 10th 1883.

THE DENVER MARINER.

I am a jolly Denver tar,
  Upon the Platte I sail—
I sniff the breakers from afar
  And court the screeching gale.
I climb the mizzenmast by night
  And heave the bobsail down—
Beyond I see the harbor light,
  Hard by my native town.

The cactus clings unto my hair,
  As in the briny gloom
I climb the narrow gangway stair
  To furl the foretop boom.
The hawsers creak and anchors groan,
  The rainclouds deck the sky,
With many a shrillsome shriek and moan
  The sea gulls flutter by.

My sweetheart is a fisher maid,
  On yonder shore she stands,
With hopes my ship is not delayed,
  She lingers on the sands.
With my brave bark upon the sea
  And her whom I behold,
Where is the man who would not be
  A Denver sailor bold.

August 27th, 1882.

THE DENVER LIFE BOAT.

The good ship "Buttered Sandwich" sailed,
  Adown the briny bay;
The summer sky above was veiled,
  With smiles and cloudlets gay,
While underneath the azure sea
  In solemn grandeur rolled,
As on her course right merrily,
  The "Buttered Sandwich" bowled.

But scarce a league away had sailed,
  When Captain Cornbeef came,
And stood upon the deck and hailed
  The gallant mate by name,
"Behold," he muttered, "yonder cloud,
  That broods o'er Boulder's shore,
Mayhap it is our winding shroud,
  Leastwise, it grieves me sore."

The maintop splintered like a stick,
  While o'er the waves afar,
Were mingled fast and scattered thick,
  Full many a beam and spar.

Oh 'twas a dreadful, dreadful night!
  Upon the slimy deck
The passengers in demon fright,
  Bemoaned the awful wreck.
The men rushed here, the women there,
  The captain and the crew
Crouched by the bulwarks in despair,
  Of what to say or do.

When lo! just as the ship careened
  As if about to sink,
All o'er the rail a sailor leaned,
  And wildly cried, "I think
I see a lifeboat come this way,
  Manned by a sturdy boy,"
Then hope succeeded dire dismay,
  And fear gave way to joy.

Aye, in his honest little yawl,
  A youth pulled out from shore,
Unto the wreck and took them all,
  Three hundred souls or more,
Back to the beach, where safe on land,
  The passengers and crew,
Took the small hero by the hand
  And told him "Good for you!"

No sooner had these words he said,
  Than did the tempest burst,
Upon the good ship's fated head,
  And each man knew the worst.
Some poets sing of heroes who
  Toil in the eastern main,
To bring wrecked passengers and crew
  Safe back to land again.
But Colorado poets are
  To all such baubles stoic,
For here the seas are wilder far
  And heroes more heroic.

June 5th, 1882.

MORNING.

The sun cometh up in the Orient sky,
  Dispensing his warmth over prairie and glade,
His beams lightly dance on the cot where I lie
  And kiss my soft hand on the coverlet laid,
Yet I doze and I dream, and I dream and I doze,
And the flies gamble aimlessly over my nose.

The lark soars aloft from his nest in the tree,
  And sings a fair song to his mate on the hill,
His music comes in through the lattice to me,
  And my soul, all responsive, amens to his trill.
Yet I doze and I dream, and I dream and I doze,
And the flies make a feast on my ten tiny toes.

The chambermaid armed with her dustpan and broom
  And wearing an eye that is pregnant with gore,
Expresses a yearning to make up my room,
  And plays a sonata on key-hole and door,
Vain the sun's winsome smiles and the lark's soft appealing,
The flies make their flight to their lairs on the ceiling.

August 10th, 1881.

MAUD MULLER.

Miss Muller, so the gossips say,
Flirted in quite a shameless way;

But Maud, with a laugh, pronounced it fudge,
Yet we caught her wink at the ratty Judge.

And the Judge, but we mention this sub rose,
Blushed up to the roots of his bulbous nose.

Still, he craned his neck and in passing by,
Gave a sinister wink with his dexter eye.

Quoth Maud to herself, as on she passed,
"I have his royal nibs in tow at last;

"My mother shall wear a sealskin sacque,
My pa swing out in his broadcloth black;

"My brother shall sip his whisky skins,
And my sister revel in gay breastpins!"

Quoth the Judge as he sauntered listless on,
"She's a rattling gyirl; you bet I'm gone;

Parodies, Etc.

THE COVENTRY LEGEND.

There was a wife in Coventry
  Whose name was Mrs. Brown,
Her husband was a hightoned bird,
  The Mayor of the town.

He did misuse the people so,
  It raised an awful storm,
Till Mrs. Brown declared she would
  Inaugurate reform.

The old gent said he'd yield him to
  The prayers of Mrs. Brown,
If she would ride upon a mule
  All naked through the town.

She quick did let the people know,
  The promise of old Brown,
And they unto their houses hied,
  While she rode through the town.

"No doubt my last wife's ma will kick,
And my heirs cut up the very Nick;

"And tho' I've known her a short, short spell,
You bet I'll have her in spite of—" well

No matter his word, 'twas short and stout,
And the name of a place that's now played out

According to Beecher, Alack! for all,
The maid and the Judge ne'er wedded at all;

For he passed in his checks from too much gin,
And the maid grew long and lank and thin,

And eke, as her chances glimmered away
She ceased to flirt and began to pray.

God pity the maid and pity the Judge,
And these days of twaddle and bosh and fudge;

For of all sad words from a heart bereft,
The saddest are these, "You bet I'm left."

Parodies, Etc.

But one old rooster, bald and grey,
Upon his knees went down,
And peeped out through the keyhole at
The disrobed Mrs. Brown.

Straightway his eyes fell out, and he
Forever more was blind,
And ever after lived a life
Detested by mankind.

But always to his dying day,
That ornery rooster bald,
The sight of glowing Mrs. Brown
With unfeigned bliss recalled.

REALLY TOO UTTERLY-QUITE.

Ah, bring me the sunflower and lily,
Let me live in the glorious sight;
Though Philistines say it is silly,
It is really too utterly-quite.

Let me twine, let each member contorted
Show visions aesthetic and bright;
What is art if we are not distorted
And really too utterly-quite?

Let the dull-faced green be my raiment,
Relieved by no touches of light,
We'll talk not of tailor's repayment,
For we're really too utterly-quiet!

If aesthetic perfection you long for,
And wish for a bask in the sight,
In the Park we go in rather strong for
We're really too utterly-quiet!

"Quite too too!" you hear the words muttered,
Ah yes, the thing here is quite right,
Man and woman are thoroughly "uttered"
And are really too utterly-quite!

(Attributed to) Col. John Arkins.

August 28th, 1881.

WE ARE SEVEN.

I met a doctor rolling up
His wild and fireful eyes,
His lofty brow was clouded o'er
With an impression wise;
Quoth I, "Pray tell me, if you please,
Why roll your eyes to heaven?"
"Alas," he answered with a sigh,
"It is because we're seven!"

There's Bliss and Barnes and Hamilton,
And Agnew, which makes four,
And Woodward, Baxter and myself,
Thank God, there ain't no more!
We've fooled around for forty days,
And yet, so help me heaven,
We haven't done a bit more good
Than if we were not seven!"

One says, "It is," another, "'Taint,"
While I claim it's pyaemia,
And as we dose and fool around,
The outlook's growing dreamier;
And as the nation's pray'rs go up
With one accord, to heaven,
Each doctor has a different scheme,
For we, good sir, are seven.

August 19th, 1881.

IN RE SPRING.

Whereas, on sundry boughs and sprays,
  Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise,
  Hail to the coming on of Spring!

The songs of the said birds arouse
  The memory of our youthful hours,
As young and green as those said boughs,
  As fresh and fair as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid, happy pairs,
  Love 'midst the aforesaid boughs enshrine,
In household nests, themselves, their heirs,
  Administrators and assigns.

O, busiest term of Cupid's Court!
  When tender plaintiffs actions bring;
Season of frolic and of sport,
  Hail! as aforesaid, coming spring.

(Attributed to) JUDGE G. G. SYMES.

April 27th, 1882.

I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

I cannot sing the old songs
  I sang long years ago,
And yet I cannot say I'm sad
  That time hath changed us so,
For when I used to sing those songs,
  My Papa blankety blanked,
And Mama took me on her knee
  And I, alas! was spanked.

November 29th, 1882.

THE SAME DEAR HAND.

The bells ring out a happy sound,
  The earth is mantled o'er with white,
  It is the merry Christmas night,
And love, and mirth, and joy abound,
And here sit you and here sit I—
  I should be happiest in the land,
  For oh! I hold the same dear hand
I've held for many a year gone by.

It is not withered up with care—
  It is as fresh and fair to see—
  As sweet to hold and dear to me
As when with chimes upon the air,
On Christmas nights of years ago
  I held the same dear little thing,
  And felt its soft caresses bring
The flushes to my throbbing brow.

Ah, we were born to never part—
  This little hand I hold to-night,
  And I—so with strong delight
I press it to my beating heart.
And in the midnight solemn hush,
  I bless the little hand I hold—
  In broken whispers be it told—
It is the old time bob tail flush.

December 25th, 1881.

WINTER JOYS.

A man stood on the bathroom floor,
While raged the storm without,
One hand was on the water valve,
The other on the spout.

He fiercely tried to turn the plug,
But all in vain he tried,
"I see it all, I am betrayed,
The water's froze," he cried.

Down to the kitchen then he rushed,
And in the basement dove,
Long strived he for to turn the plugs,
But all in vain he strove.

"The hydrant may be running yet,"
He cried in hopeful tone,
Alas, the hydrant too, was froze,
As stiff as any stone.

There came a burst, the water pipes
And plugs, oh, where were they?
Ask of the soulless plumber man
Who called around next day.

November 1st, 1882.

LOST CHORDS.

One autumn eve, when soft the breeze
  Came sweeping through the lattice wide,
  I sat me down at organ side
And poured my soul upon the keys.

It was, perhaps by heaven's design,
  That from my half unconscious touch,
  There swept a passing chord of such
Sweet harmony, it seemed divine.

In one soft tone it seemed to say
  The sweetest words I ever heard,
  Then like a truant forest bird,
It soared from me to heaven away.

Last eve, I sat at window whence
  I sought the spot where erst had stood
  A cord—a cord of hick'ry wood,
Piled up against the back yard fence.

Four dollars cost me it that day,
  Four dollars earned by sweat of brow,
  Where was the cord of hick'ry now?
The thieves had gobbled it away!

Ah! who can ever count the cost,
Of treasures which were once our own,
Yet now, like childhood dreams are flown,
Those cords that are forever lost.

June 8th, 1882.

ARABI BEY.

I am flying, Egypt, flying,
And it's likely I shall fly
Till I can't fly any farther,
For I do not care to die.
I'm so stifled by the desert
Sand my lungs can hardly wheeze,
And I'm feeling mighty shaky
In my stomach and my knees;
Not a bite of camel's sirloin,
Nor a drop of camel's whey,
Not an orange or banana
Has passed my lips to-day,
For I'm flying, Egypt, flying,
And my present purpose is
To keep on flying till I know
I am safely out of this.

From Alexandria's marble halls
To Bing Whang's cots of clay
From Snicker Eli's sandy plains
To Cairo's tufted walls,
From Thump-el-Hittem's lordly site
To Sneeza's royal halls

And still the bloody Britisher
  Comes prancing up behind,
With a threat to tear my inwards out
  And strew them to the wind!
Do you wonder, Egypt, wonder,
  With my army round me dying,
That I'm flying, Egypt, flying
  And propose to keep on flying?

September 13th, 1882.

ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
Before the gods, 'tis said she sung,
And instruments of every kind
She brought to please the godlike mind.

And first the Fiddles, great and small,
With tightened strings and resined bows,
Surprised and charmed the Olympians all,
With solemn, sad adagios.

Then rushed anon with throbbing tones
The train of tremulous Trombones,
Now swelling like a tropic gale,
Now lulled into a whiffling wail,
The gods all wept, the gods all smiled,
By starts were soft, by fits were wild.

With quiet mien and modest grace,
The Hurdygurdy came apace,
And groaned a grind,
So sweet and tremulous of kind,
Fair Cytheraea hid her face,
And as the echoes filled her ears,
She smiled serenely through her tears,
And went it blind

Next came the Cymbals, full of fire,
And, with a fierce and brazen ire,
They smote a smast!
The frightened gods surged to and fro,
Dumbfounded by the blaring blow,
And all aghast,
Back they recoiled—the demons passed.

But thou, O Flute, with murmurings low,
Call'st back the tears into their eyes,
And Juno, mute with glad surprise,
Binds fragrant fillets round her brow,
While Father Jove—no critic he—
Exclaims, in honest, burly, glee,
"Waal, waal, I swow!"
Thy tones are like the waterfall,
Or nightingales' seductive call,
Thou art a warbler fair!
And Bacchus waves his golden hair
With pleasure when thy strain begins,
And, rising on the ravished air,
He shakes
Ten thousand odors from his whisky skins.

November 6th, 1882.

ODE TO MAECENAS.

Maecenas, thou of royal line,
Friend, comrade, patron, too, of mine,
Some men there be whom horrid wars
And blood and gore and ghastly scars
And horrors of the naval fight
Or civil slaughterings delight;
And some upon the changing seas
Before the gentle, favoring breeze,
Delight in merchant ships to sail,
Nor dread the calm nor fear the gale
But bearing wealth across the main,
Return with riches home again;
And others, those of plastic mold,
Exchange their principles for gold.
The wily politician taught
In lying arts, with record fraught
With rank corruption, thieving lust,
Who's ne'er content with honest crust,
But prone to lie and prone to cheat,
He fawns about his prince's feet
Till some fat office is at hand,
And then he cheats and robs the land.
Let these disport them as they may,

But I, throughout the livelong day,
Nurture the spark of heavenly fire,
Invoke the muse and strike the liar;
Skin up and down the winding street,
Pump items out of those I meet,
Record the murders, runaways,
The fights, the thefts; and every phase
Of life in country or in town
I jot upon my tablets down;
Three flights of stairs, three times a day
I upward wend my weary way;
From early morn till dewy night
I write and toil and toil and write,
And yet Maecenas I would choose
To thus pay worship to the muse.

Let others glory in the sea,
I'd strike my head against the *stars,*
No forum, tented field for me,
I'd run my face before the *bars!*

THE FATE OF TOMATO KAHN.

Old Ragbag Bey, a venerable man,
Arose one morning and to his servant said,
"Send hither, slave, my son, Tomato Khan,
If, by the Prophet's beard, he's out of bed."
Tomato Khan responded in all haste,
And, kneeling on the earth before his sire,
Kissed thrice his feet, and clinging to his waist,
"Why hast thou called?" respectful did inquire.

"Mush Allah!" cried the old man in a breath,
Our country is in dire complaint, I see,
On every hand is desolation, death,
And she demands a sacrifice of me.
From Am el Telba unto Goghar's wall,
From Batra's palms to Ondig's sandy plain,
I hear the roll of drum, the trumpet's call,
The clash of arms and war's intense refrain.

Bind on this scimeter, my son, and go
This day to Goghar on thy fiery, dauntless steed,
Join thou the army of the Faithful, show
Thy zest for Allah in thy country's hour of need!
Tomato Khan bound on old Ragbag's sword,
His love, the fair Amirie, begged him stay,
In vain the maiden wept, in vain implored,
Tomato Khan strode on his vengeful way.

He did not die, as Ragbag hoped he might,
Nor as Amirie thought a warrior should,
He did not perish on the field of fight,
No Christian hands are reeking with his blood.
Kicked by a mule, he fell at Sneez-el-Snuff,
A cheap, Arabian mule, a vulgar beast,
He faintly murmured, "Allah! this is rough!"
And then the throbbings of his sick heart ceased.

So, for his country died Tomato Khan,
A youth equipped for great, chivalric scenes,
Dead by a mule, a martyred, glorious man,
A patriot, since the end doth glorify the means.
A mausoleum hath old Ragbag built,
As tribute to Tomato Khan's brave deeds,
At morn, at night his bitter tears are spilt,
The fair Amirie wears a widow's weeds.

June 30th, 1882.

THE JAFFA AND JERUSALEM R. R.

A little double iron track,
A station here, a station there,
A locomotive tender tank,
A coach with patent swinging chair;
A postal car and baggage too,
A platform of the Miller make,
With buffer, duffer, chain and spike,
And nobby automatic brake,
Such is the pride of Orient hordes,
And Syria's brightest modern gem,
The railroad train that snails along
'Twixt Jaffa and Jerusalem.

Beware, O sacred Mooley cow,
The engine when it rings its bell!
Beware, O camel, when you hear
The whistle's sharp and warning swell!
And native of the holy land,
Unused to modern travel's snare,
And soothed by guileful taffy talk,
The awful peanut boy beware!
Else, trusting to his words and wares,
Thou mayst have reason to condemn
The style of trade that's fashionable
'Twixt Jaffa and Jerusalem.

And when, oh when the bonds fall due,
How vexed and wroth will wax the state,
From Nebo's Mount to Nazareth,
The cry will sound, "Repudiate."
From Hebron to Tiberias,
From Jordan's banks unto the sea,
Will swell the chorus, loud and long,
Against that "—— monopoly,"
The horny handed shepherd swain,
Oppressed by bonded stratagem,
Will curse that corporation line,
'Twixt Jaffa and Jerusalem!

June 21st, 1882.

JAFFA AND JERUSALEM R. R. TROUBLES.

Ben-Ali-Sneezer, late one afternoon,
Met Sheik Back-Gammon on old Horeb's mount,
And thus he in the language of the East,
His multifarious hardships did recount:
"O Sheik, I bow me in the dust and mourn,
For lo! whilst browsing on the fertile plain,
Two of my choicest heifers—fair and fat—
Were caught in limbo and were duly slain
By that infernal pest of recent birth,
The half-past eight accommodation train."

Then quoth the Sheik: "One of my white lambs,
Which I did purpose soon to drive to town,
While frisking o'er the distant flowery lea,
Was by that selfsame fatal train run down.
Now, O Ben Ali! by the prophet's beard,
What are we ruined shepherd folk to do?
Suppose we take our troubles into court,
You swear for me and I will swear for you;
And so, by mutual oaths, it's possible
We may most hap'ly pull each other through."

Ben-Ali-Sneezer some months after met
The Sheik Back-Gammon, and inclined to sport,
The two sat down upon a cedar stump
To talk of their experience in court.
Ben-Ali quoth, "Them cows was thin as rails,
Now that they're gone, it's mighty glad I am!"
Back-Gammon said, "Now that the judgment's paid,
I don't mind telling you the slaughtered lamb,
So far from being what you swore in court,
Was, by the great horned spoon, not worth a ——."

A PASTORAL.

Virgil.

How sweet to sit at noontide's hour,
  Beneath the lilac tree,
And watch the slowly budding flower
  And sing, O Spring, of thee.
Trot out, O Tityrus, my flute,
  Hand o'er my tuneful lyre,
Unhand the throttle of my flute,
  Lead out the shepherd choir.
And let the ewes and lambkins stand
In dumb surprise on every hand,
While all the hills and valleys ring,
With our apostrophe to Spring.

Tityrus.

Wilt thou, O Virgil, tip us a stave
In the plaintive Ionic, or in the lively
Manner of the swift-footed iambic?

Virgil.

On a barren rock with thee, O Tityrus,
Born into the world, else wouldst thou know
That neither does it please me to sing praises
Nor invoke in the gentle Alcaic nor the
Choriambic heptameter catalectic.

Tityrus.

Sing then, I pray, in the dialectic trimeter,
Or the joyous iambic dimeter, the staid
Pherecractic or the suicidal Sapphic.

Virgil.

Youth be shut as to your prattling mouth,
My lyric is not attuned to such as
Dactylic, tetrameter a posteriore,
Adonic, iambic, dimeter hypermeter,
Acephalous Choriambic tetrameter,
Glyconic, Ionic a minore minor,
Alcaic, Dactylico iambic or
Archilochian heptameter.

Tityrus.

In what manner of flowing verslets
Will thou, the poet, breathe the song?

Virgil.

In the sardonic, sulphuric gasmeter,
In the smooth carbolic celtic diameter,
The chronic, laconic cataleptic,
The muriatic acidic or the mellifluous
Diabolic paregoric—but look!
The shadows on the hills grow larger and
The sun fades in the horizon, O Pueri
Sat prata rivos biberunt, vale.

March 27th, 1882.

A PASTORAL.

O, Tityrus, as you sit beneath
  The shade of yonder budding bay,
And on the wierd, profound trombone,
  Pip'st thou thy sweet bucolic lay,
  Behold the Berkshire lambs at play;

Behold the Southdown cattle feed,
  And gaze upon the browsing swine,
And calmly view the Durham steed
  Cavorting 'mongst the maiden kine,
  Ah, would that such a lot were mine!

No cares, no sorrows, ills nor woes
  Consume thy soul as through the day
Thou pip'st upon thy mild trombone
  The shepherd's sweet ecstatic lay,
  And watch the grazing herds at play.

Ah, would, dear Tityrus, that I,
  A poet, not a shepherd born,
Could rest supine beneath the shade
  And pipe upon the shepherd's horn,
  And keep the cattle from the corn.

February 13th, 1882.

POLITICAL RHYMES.

Some Bosses were playing with a mule,
One cold November day,
The mule's still there, with upraised leg,
The Bosses, where are they?

Smash up and Clatter!
Great guns how they scatter!
The tail wags the dog no more!
The people have reason to like the sport
Though many a Boss' heart's sore.

November 15th, 1882.

The statesman introducing bills
Is not the creature to adore,
For they are dreary, senseless ills,
And he a very stupid bore;
But he is sensible and wise,
(As all the poor reporters learn)
Who rises in his place and cries,
"'Ster Speaker, move you we adjourn!"

January 18th, 1883.

POLITICAL RHYMES.

Sing a song of sick men
  And bosoms full of pain,
But it is a nasty thing
  To be caught in the rain.
If one can't swim and it's a Flood
  Every state a loss!
Isn't this a pretty dish
  To set before a Boss!

Sing a song of caucus,
    Senatorial pie;
Six or seven candidates
    And none of them are high;
While the caucus wrangles
    O'er the precious prize,
Along comes a dark horse
    And nips it 'fore their eyes!

January 4th, 1883.

RANDOM VERSE.

Now what in the world shall we dioux
With the bloody and murderous Sioux
  Who sometime ago
  Took his arrow and bow
And raised such a hellabelioux?

A maiden once ate a cucumber
And then she lay down for to slumber;
  The next thing she knew
  Up to heaven she flew,
Her casket was made of new lumber.

A darling young fellow named Day
Prints the Solid Muldoon, at Ouray;
  When folks pay their back dues,
  He's as mild as you choose,
When they don't, there's the devil to pay.

August 16th, 1881.

RANDOM VERSE.

A certain young lady at Golden,
Once sought her best beau to embolden,
By observing, "Don't you
Think one chair's 'nuff f'r two?"
And now when he calls, she is holden.

'Tis strange how new newspapers honor
The creature that's called prima donna;
They say not a thing
Of how she can sing,
But talk of the clothes she has on her.

The beautiful belle of Del Norte,
Is reckoned disdainful and horty,
Because during the day
She says, "Boys keep away,"
But she yums in the gloaming like forty!

August 24th, 1881.

RANDOM VERSE.

A beautiful young man at Saguache,
Once courted the charming Miss Sauche,
But when she was wed
To another, he said,
"My life is a horrible bauche."

August 24th, 1881.

In Leadville a certain girl's bonnet
Has four yards of ostrich plumes on it,
While her sister, poor thing,
Wears a red rooster wing,
And that is the cause of this sonnet.

August 25th, 1881.

A dashing young cowboy named Gus
Got involved in a serious muss,
With a party named Berringer,
And drawing his derringer
He tapped him for laudable pus.

November 13th, 1883.

THE PUNSTER GOES BUGGY RIDING.

"Suppose," he said, in accent soft,
"A fellow just like me
Should axle little girl to wed,
What would the answer be?"

The maiden drops her liquid eyes,
Her smiles with blushes mingle,
"Why seek the bridle halter when
You may love on, sur, cingle?"

And then he spoke, "Oh, be my bride,
I ask you once again;
You are the empress of my heart,
And there shall ever rein!

"I'll never tire of kindly deeds
To win your gentle heart,
And saddle be the shaft that rends
Our happy lives apart."

Upon her cheeks the maiden felt
The mantling blushes glow,
She took him for her faithful hub,
To share his wheel or whoa!

January 15th, 1882.

AN ORTHOGRAPHICAL FANCY.

With tragic air, the love lorn heir
  Once chased the chaste Louise;
She quickly guessed her guest was there
  To please her with his pleas.

Now at her side he kneeling sighed,
  His sighs of woeful size,
"Oh hear me here, for lo! most low
  I rise before your eyes.

"This soul is sole thine own, Louise,
  'Twill never wean, I ween,
The love that I, aye e'er shall feel,
  Though mean may be its mein."

"You know I cannot tell you no,"
  The maid made answer true,
"I love you aught, as sure I ought,
  To you 'tis due I do!"

"Since you are won, O fairest one!
  The marriage rite is right,
The chapel aisle I'll lead you up
  This night!" exclaimed the knight.

January 20th, 1882.

A NAUTICAL LOVER.

A boy named Mann once fell in love
With pretty Bella Taylor,
And having found his *stern* to speak
He boldly did a *sailor*.

"Oh let me *honey-bee* your *bow*
I *anchor* for your *favor*,
Nay, 'twould be *barber*-ous to spurn
So fond a little *shaver*."

Bell gave a little *aft* to hear
The ringing words he *tolled*,
And then she gave a little *keel*
And he was forced to *hold*.

"Your words are sound I plainly *sea*,
And I'd *shoal* little sense,
If I did not in kindly *mood*
Return your love in *tense*."

November 4th, 1882.

VA. AND GEO.

Young Miss Va. Smith recd.
Attention to a marked deg.
From a young gent, named Geo.
As by these vs. you shall see.

He sought her Co. one kt.,
Determined to no longer wt.,
"Behold I wp., at yr. feet,
This inst., let me know my fate."

Va. hung her pretty head,
"If Hon. yr. purpose be,
And if you'll be obdt.,
There's no obj. I can see.

"But 1st you must consult with pa,"
She softly lisped, her blushes through,
"I've Sr. Gov.," he cried,
"& i. e. why I came to you."

He took that gal. to his lap,
A M. times or more he kiss'd her,
The brave deserve the fair; if he
Had feared to woo, he'd sure have Mr.

October 31st, 1882.

THE POET LOVERS.

(*Strophe.*)

The flame of love Burns in his heart,
O maiden Young and Gay;
And now that he is Scott at last,
Should you keep Pope away?

If there Cling any Prior claim,
Hume may most freely speak,
Aha, the rosy blushes fly
Swift to your dimpled Cheke.

Say, Shelley go away from here
Without a word from thee?
Speak not at Talbot give some sign,
However Smollett be.

(*Ante Strophe.*)

My spirit, erst so Sterne, will yield,
Thou seest it in mine eye,
Steele up your nerves and you shall be.
Most happy Byron by.

"No Moore, my heart would fain relent!"
The blushing maiden cried;
He Locke-d her in his arms and pressed
Her to his Akenside.

(*Apostrophe.*)

All Hale, we cry, unto the bride,
The bridegroom, brave and Bright;
And may their lives be Fuller joy
For they will wed this Knight.

November 3d, 1882.

(THE END.)